

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONS

C. H. MALAN

12.21.95
Library of the Theological Seminary,

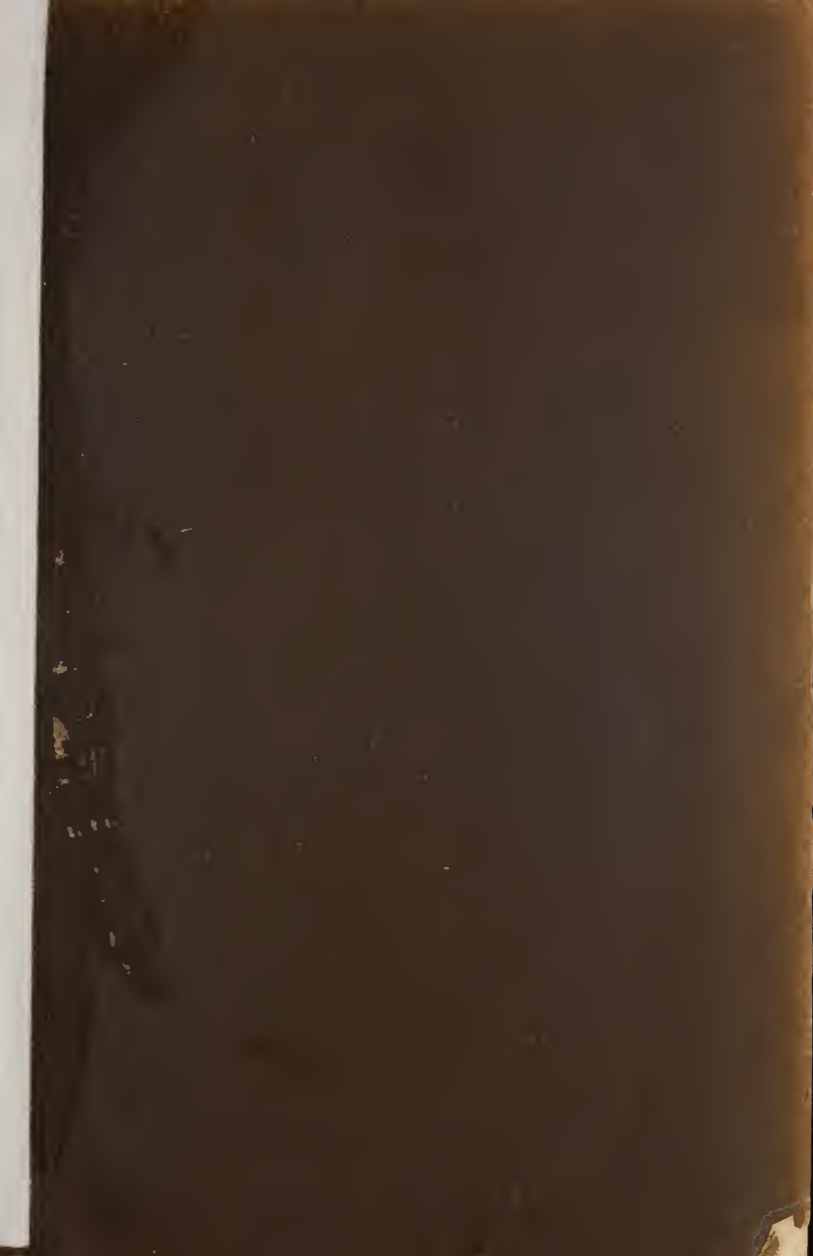
PRINCETON, N. J.

Purchased by the Hammill Missionary Fund.

BV 3555 .M34 1876

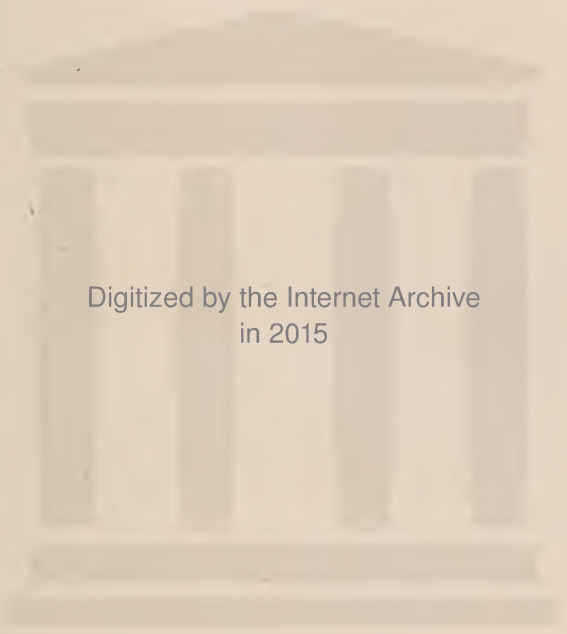
Malan, C. H.

South African missions



SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONS.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015



SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONS.

BY

C. H. MALAN,

ONCE A MAJOR IN THE BRITISH ARMY,

AUTHOR OF 'A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S LOVE.'

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1876.

1888

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE taken up my pen a second time to praise God. It is a good thing to praise Him. His people should never be tired of praising Him, or of hearing His praises. The more they know of His works, the more they consider His ways, the greater cause will they have to adore His wisdom, love, and power.

This book is meant for a second record of the love of God, and of His faithfulness to His word. The first referred to myself. It was written in fear and trembling, lest I should in any way detract from Him the glory due unto His name. *This second is the testimony of two churches to the life and power of Him whom the Church universal adores as God and Lord*, although the world at large rejects His salvation, and despises His gospel.

The deepest sympathy should bind together the churches of different nations. For many reasons the Churches of Great Britain and France should be especially dear to each other. They have kept the

faith of Christ through centuries of earthly tribulation. Severed from each other by various causes for many hundred years, they are able *now* to meet in peace, and to rejoice in God their Saviour. Each has a wonderful history. That of the Church of France is most wonderful.

To many Christians in England, the existence of a true Church of Christ in France during these past centuries is a thing unknown. They consider that it was long ago drowned in blood. Not so. It has lived, for Christ is the Life. It has survived every effort at annihilation, for He is the wisdom and power of God. And *now*, after being looked upon for centuries as no better than a dead stump, it has thrown out a shoot which for strength and beauty equals any in the world.

The history of the Mission of the Church of France to the Basuto tribe in South Africa should be read by every Christian. I have endeavoured to give it simply and concisely in this book. How, when, and where I gathered the material is explained. The Church of France sent a Mission to South Africa. The Lord chose men of singular faith and courage. They went into a country where the white man was then unknown. They preached Christ to a tribe which is now, by God's blessing on their labours, the most advanced of all the South African tribes under the British Crown.

The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ must preach the gospel of His salvation *to all Africa*. Fifty years ago it entered the country in His name for the second time. For the last thirty years very little advance has been made towards the interior, although much unoccupied ground has been filled up. The Church needs faith in the Lord. She needs to believe that He is the same in the vast wilderness of Africa as in the streets and lanes of the cities of Europe; that He has arranged the preaching of His word to nations in Africa as to individuals in England. May this book, with every other record of missionary labour, help to such faith. May it tell the churches at home that the Lord is going before them as they enter the interior of Africa, and that as they advance with prayer they will find that He has prepared the way!

I ask forgiveness for introducing the following narratives; but it bears on the above truth. I went forth, weary in body, to seek a place for a mission station among the Galeka Kaffirs, near the Bashee river. I did not know the country, and I had no idea what to do. But I had given some days to earnest prayer concerning this journey. Three Kaffir brethren accompanied me. We had off-saddled for the first time, and I gathered them round me to hear the word. Opening it at the places of my daily meditation, what was my joy to

find in the portion for the day these words: '*And as they went Jesus met them, saying, All hail!*' How it cheered me! It seemed as if the Lord had met me and my companions, and had saluted us with His own voice, saying, All hail! The next verse was yet more assuring: '*Then said Jesus, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me*' (Matt. xxviii.). My heart was full. The Lord has said, '*Be not afraid, go into Galilee, there shall they see me. We shall find Galilee somewhere near the Bashee, and there shall we see Him.*' This was all my comment. We prayed and went on. If ever the Lord manifested His presence by His works in behalf of His servants, He was seen by us at the Bashee. *He made Kreli and his chiefs choose the station, and all was settled without trouble in one day!* I record this, as it may encourage some brother or sister going forth in the Lord's name to difficult work in an unknown place.

A notice of the Mission of the Church of America in Natal has been added, that the history of the missions of that Church and its work among the Zulus in South Africa may be known among Christians in Great Britain. The Church in America was founded by men who forsook land, friends, and all things in England, for the truth of Christ; and thus, in the history of American

missions is given the testimony of the Churches of England and America to the faithfulness of their Lord.

As an eye-witness of the results of the labours of these missions, I have thought it best to give daily notes of my visits to the various stations. It is not difficult to write simply what is seen and heard; but it is quite impossible to convey in writing any idea of the difficulties and trials encountered by missionary pioneers among the heathen tribes of Africa.

The frontispiece is from a photograph of my Gaika servant and myself. I have purposely inserted it, in preference to a map or sketch, because I believe that if Africa is to be speedily evangelized, it must be done by the native churches working together with the European and American missionaries. I have dwelt upon this subject in the last chapter, so need not write more here. Day by day, this Gaika and I prayed and worked together. Wonderfully have our prayers been answered. By the grace of God, he has been kept faithful and diligent. May the same grace preserve him blameless unto the end!

This book has been written and sent to England in parts, to save weight to my horses on the march. I trust, therefore, that any repetition of facts may be excused.

In closing this record of the Mission of the Church of France, I unintentionally omitted to give any statistics concerning that Mission. The following is a statement in round numbers, calculated from the return for April 1874:—Church members and inquirers, 4000 ; scholars, 2500 ; native teachers and preachers, 80 ; out-stations, 50 ; the contributions of native Christians in 1874 amounted to £710, 17s.

If compared with the statistics of the American Missions among the Zulus, given in this book, the question would arise, ‘How do you account for the difference?’ The answer is as easy as it is true, and full of instruction to the Church of Christ. The gospel was preached to the Basuto tribe *before the white man entered it even to trade*. The gospel was preached to the Zulu tribe *after it had been engaged in war with the Dutch settlers*. The Basutos knew nothing of the evils accompanying European occupation. There are also other causes. The Basutos are a very gentle race compared with the Zulus. The Basuto chief, Moshesh, encouraged the missionaries, while the Zulu chiefs, Dingane and Chaka, by their cruelty and ambition, at one time stopped the preaching of the gospel, and always hindered it.

The Church of Christ should make every effort to gain a footing into the interior of Africa before the

evils which attend the introduction of European civilisation. The labour of the missionaries will be far easier, and the gospel will be more readily accepted.

The Mission of the Church of France in Africa has a large open field before it, and if it had the means, could send the gospel on to many powerful tribes now in darkness. Men could be found if the means for supporting such missions were available. It was my earnest desire, in writing this book, to obtain sympathy and help for the Church of France from the wealthy and flourishing churches of Great Britain and America. *The Rev. M. Cassalis, Directeur de la Maison des Missions, 26 Rue des Fosses, St. Jacques, Paris*, who was himself for many years a missionary among the Basutos, would be thankful to receive any help for this Mission.

I need offer no apology for giving the honoured title of '*The Church of France*' to that body of Christians which has suffered so much for the name of the Lord Jesus in that land during the last eight hundred years. I love the truth, and I love France too well to call by that holy name the foreign ecclesiastical system which has so long arrogated it, at the same time bathing its hands in innocent blood, and denying the gospel of grace and love. This system of priestcraft having substituted the dogmas of various Italian men for the word of

God, has withheld that blessed book from the people of France. To the fact that God's word has been proscribed and its teaching forbidden in France, while that book was open and its truths taught, however imperfectly, to the people of England, may be attributed the revolutions and internal disorders which have of late troubled 'la belle France;' while her English sister has been enjoying comparative internal peace. The gospel of Christ is the only light for nations as for men, and the only cure for national as for personal sorrows.

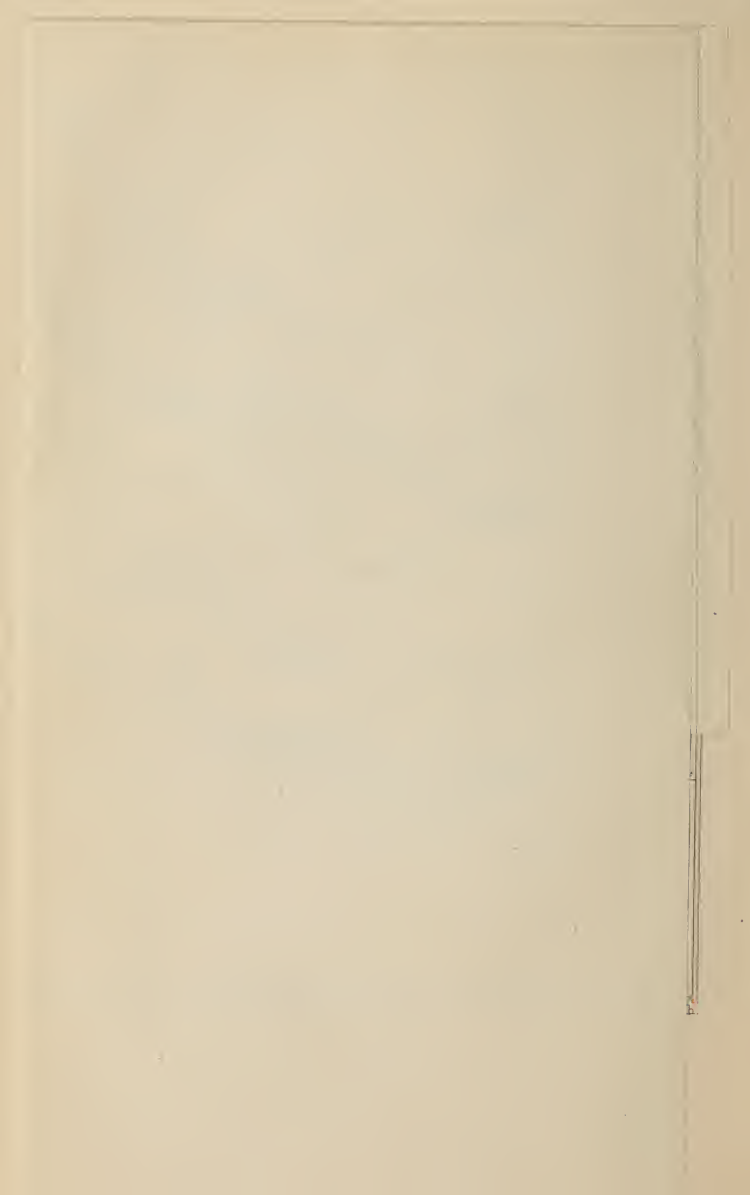
Let the churches of Great Britain and America now give their sister, the Church of France, a loving welcome. Let them seek by prayer and active sympathy to show her their love. She is slowly recovering from the rack on which she has been stretched for centuries. But, being truly a member of '*the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth,*' she has survived the terrible ordeal through which she has come. She waited on the Lord in her weakness, and He renewed her strength. She has smiled on one dark spot of Africa in His name, and her smile has carried with it light and life. Help her to smile elsewhere, for *her* smile is love, and this is what poor Africa needs.

May the Lord use these pages to stir up the faith of His churches in Himself. May the perusal of

these records of His faithfulness make them more believing in regard to the commencement and carrying on of Foreign Missions. May He awaken in His people more earnest desire to send His gospel to the nations and tribes which have not heard it! *His word to His Church stands eternally: 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: I am with you alway.'*

C. H. M.

UXOLO (Kaffir for Peace or Salem),
SOUTH AFRICA, 1875.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. A THANKSGIVING,	3
II. THE CHURCH AND HOME OF MY FATHERS, . . .	13
III. THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH OF FRANCE TO SOUTH AFRICA,	25
IV. 'THESE THINGS DID THESE THREE,'	39
V. A PRINCE AND PEOPLE PREPARED OF THE LORD, .	49
VI. WHO WORKETH ALL THINGS ACCORDING TO THE COUNSEL OF HIS OWN WILL,	61
VII. 'HE ABIDETH FAITHFUL,'	81
VIII. THE MISSION-FIELD OF THE CHURCH OF FRANCE, .	103
IX. THABA-BOSIO.—MOSHESH, CHIEF OF THE BASUTOS. —HIS CONVERSION.—BEREA TO MABULELA, . . .	139
X. MABULELA, CANA, ETC.,	159
XI. THE LAND OF THE ZULU,	181
XII. UMSUNDUZI, VERULAM, INANDA, AMANZIMTOTE, IFUMI, IFABA, UMTWALUMI, UMZUMBE, . . .	199
XIII. NATAL, EMMAUS, PIETER-MARITZBERG.—THE LAN- GABALILE AFFAIR.—DURBAN.—BRITISH POLICY IN NATAL, ETC.,	223
XIV. 'ADVANCE.'—SUPPORT NEEDED.—WHEREFORE DE- LAY?	263

A Thanksgiving.

‘ I will praise Thee, O Lord, among the people ; and I will sing praises unto Thee among the nations : for Thy mercy is great above the heavens, and Thy truth reacheth unto the skies. Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens ; and Thy glory above all the earth.’—Ps. cviii. 3, 4, 5.

CHAPTER I.

I ONLY wish that I could impart to the whole Church of the Lord Jesus the joy which now fills my heart in sitting down to write for their information and His praise a brief account of one of the mighty works which He hath wrought in fulfilling His blessed office as God's salvation unto the end of the earth.¹ But this cannot be. I do, however, hope and pray that no Christian will read this book without being more fully persuaded that his Lord *is indeed Head over all things* to His body, the Church, *and that all things are put under His feet.*² This faith is much needed *now* by the Church. We have come to the period in which the Lord says to her, '*Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.*'³ Africa and all other lands lie open before her. But she enters not in. She believes the lies of her enemies against her own servants, the missionaries. She doubts her Lord.

¹ Isa. xlix. 6.

² Ephes. i. 22.

³ Rev. iii. 8.

She clutches her gold. The heathen perish unhelped.

My sole desire in writing this book is to praise the Lord, and to let His servants in Great Britain and America know of a work which He has been carrying on in South Africa, of which very few of them have probably ever heard. I wish to write simply, and I have prayed earnestly that I may not be allowed to put in one fact or word which is not according to the mind of the Lord. It is better that I should let my own thoughts flow freely, that the reader may understand more easily why the writing of this narrative is to me such a joyful undertaking.

From the time of my conversion and study of God's word, my heart has been filled with the deepest interest in the spread of the name and fame of the Lord Jesus throughout the whole earth. It has been my delight to see His glorious power manifested in the spread of His gospel. The enmity of man, the malice of Satan, the treachery of pretended friends, have not been able to stay it. '*His work is honourable and glorious.*'¹ There is no such study for the human soul as the work of God in the spread of His gospel throughout the world. '*The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.*'²

¹ Ps. cxi. 3.

² Ps. cxi. 2.

Like the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, I have sought these glorious works of the Lord. Again and again have I found them sparkling in all the lustre of His divine love, wisdom, and power, and shining all the brighter because of the clay in which they have been imbedded. But it has now been my happiness to find the goodliest. It is not a large stone, but one of purest water, and the more valuable because of the mine in which it was found, and the labour which has often tested the endurance and faith of those who have had to work for the Lord in that mine.

This is not the history of an ordinary mission. This is not a record of any such missions as are sent out from Great Britain and other Protestant countries. I would not detract from the value of those great works of faith and labours of love. God is not unrighteous, that He will forget either the labourers or their helpers. But those missions were sent forth from countries where all the professed Christians sympathized with the missionaries, where ample funds were supplied, where those who went forth were held in honour. That of which I now write was exactly the contrary. It exemplifies to my mind the meaning of those words, '*God, my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth.*'¹

I ask myself this question: 'Will the Christians

¹ Ps. lxxiv. 12.

of England and America care to read this book? Will they care to hear what the poor and long-persecuted Church of France has been permitted to do in the glorious work of spreading the gospel of Christ in foreign lands?' I know not. But this I know, it is my duty to write that which His hand hath wrought and mine eyes have seen of this work, as a testimony to the faithfulness of the Lord and the glory of His power in these last days, when iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold.

Various and beautiful are the trees of salvation which the Lord has planted in many lands. They were brought from other climes. Very tender were they when they were first put into the strange soil. But He is *the* Husbandman. His infinite grace nurtured them. His unfailing knowledge guarded them in rough seasons. They flourish according to His will. Careless travellers do not notice the beauty of their foliage, and altogether miss their bright flowers. But those who have learnt to admire the works of the Lord seek them out; they are struck with the manifold excellence of their growth, they rest themselves in their travels under the shade of these trees, and are refreshed as they inhale their fragrance and delight in their manifold beauty.

I sit down to write notes on the Lord's work in South Africa by His long-despised Church of France. My soul ranges over mountains of divine provi-

dence. They are lighted up by love. Deep, dark shades meet the eye as it moves from point to point in the landscape, but a dazzling halo of glory flows down from above, and leaves the soul in doubt as to whether those shades are darkness or light. Such I have often seen it in God's works in nature. *So we should always see the shades* in His works in grace towards us, if our eyes were not holden, that we should not know *Him*.

The history of the Church of France is a tale of blood. Christians in England do not like nowadays to hear of blood in connection with religion. The comforts of civilisation, immunity from persecution for many centuries, and easy general profession, have rendered the very thought of blood as a possible consequence of faith a very distasteful subject. But though this be so, they must remember that the Lord Jesus is most glorified in the death of His servants for His name's sake ; and that if the Church of Christ in England has not been persecuted as the Church of France, they owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Lord on behalf of their land, and no little sympathy to their sister Church.

From the rise of the Papacy down to this very day, the Church of France has been oppressed by the State. For *many centuries* its history is nothing but a series of tales of fierce and bloody persecutions. This history is for the most part unknown. I be-

lieve it could be easily proved that more persons have suffered death *for the name of Christ* in France than in all the other countries of Europe together. The Inquisition in Spain glutted itself in the blood of Moors and Jews, and these deeds of blood have given Spain the palm as the land of martyrs. This is, however, a mistake. *They* were slaughtered *because they were not Christians—those in France because they were!* This is *infallible* love! Alas for the cruelty to man! Alas for the dishonour to the sacred names of God and Christ! Alas for the darkness which in this so-called enlightened age cannot discern between the false and the true,—between that system which has ruined Europe by open violation of the laws of Christ, and His teaching who gave man a new commandment, ‘That ye love one another, as I have loved you,’ and then died for him, ‘the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.’

Since the Revolution of 1794 the Church of France has enjoyed immunity from bloodshed. But it has never been free. The French nation having delivered itself over, as to faith and doctrine, to the dogmas of the priests of Rome, those of its community who have preferred to worship God according to His word have had to suffer an opposition which has never been relaxed, and has only varied according to the influence of the priests with the

Government and people. Persecuted for centuries, crushed under the power of the State, *at times almost exterminated, the Church of Christ in France has lived*; and now, when the evil practices of Roman sacerdotalism have so greatly injured the country, God testifies to it as a vessel He has chosen unto honour, by using it as His candlestick to one of the noblest and most intelligent tribes of South Africa.

It is the contemplation of His wonderful dealings in this thing—it is in meditating upon the events of centuries; in tracing out the terrible ordeal through which the Lord Jesus has led His Church in France; in reading of the triumphant faith He gave to its martyrs; in admiring the patience, endurance, and courage by which he sustained them during those periods of blood; in watching the events as they succeeded each other in which His Church survives every effort at annihilation; in seeing how, as soon as breathing time is given it, its hope revives, and at length, unseen, unknown, and uncared for but by the eye of the Lord, it sends forth life and light to a tribe in Southern Africa, it preaches that Christ to the Basutos for whom it has so long suffered, and He owns its faithful testimony,—it is in meditation on these things that my soul is filled with a delight I cannot express, and I am caused to lift up my heart, and take up my pen, to praise and bless the Lord. Very feeble are all human

efforts to praise Him. But, blessed be His holy name, He delights in the praises of His people. May He accept this tribute at my hands, and own it to His glory! To His people I would say, 'Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.' To any one who may read this who does not believe in Him He says, '*Whoso is wise, and will observe* these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord' (Ps. cvii. 43).

The Church and Home of my Fathers.

CHAPTER II.

IT *has been necessary* for me to refer to the history of the Church of France. The reader cannot understand the wisdom and marvellous power of the Lord in this work in Africa, unless it be continually borne in mind that it was after centuries of cruel oppression, and when the Church of France was looked upon as 'nigh unto the grave,' that the Lord testified to its faithfulness and life in Him, by giving it the service of which this book is purposed to be a testimony.

And I cannot expect the sympathy I wish in endeavouring to show forth the praises of the Lord, and obtain for His Church in France the brotherly love it needs from His Churches in Great Britain and America, unless I can establish my right thus to come forward as an historian of this mission. Few have better right to this honour than myself. Let me tell my own tale in my own way; and if it be considered that I have taken up my pen as an idler and a busybody in other men's matters, then

let me suffer the judgment of my brethren. If, on the other hand, it be seen that God has used the pen of one who by spiritual descent is a child of the Church of France, although for Christ's sake driven from that land, let the praise and glory these records shall give be doubly His.

About thirty miles from Avignon in France, on the road which runs through the valley of the Durance, and close under the Luberon Alps, there stand at this day the ruins of the old village of Merindol. The new village is built nearer to the road. Across the road, and not far from the river, is the home of my fathers, still bearing their name, 'Les Malans.' They lost land and life, and everything else but eternal glory, for Christ's sake. Very few escaped the fire and sword. *They, however, left their children 'a good name, which is better than great riches.'* Verily God has magnified His word in our family. *'A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children.'* His best, His choicest blessing, faith in Christ, has descended to me. With that, a Kaffir hut in Africa is a heaven; without it, the Pope's palace at Avignon would be a hell.

The history of the little village of Merindol is a very marked page in the history of France. It might be fairly taken as a specimen of what was the state of affairs in that country, *from the tenth to the eighteenth century*, as regards those who wor-

shipped God according to His word, and would not submit their liberty of conscience to the dogmas which emanated from Rome.

What is the source of all the misery and bloodshed which has come upon France since the Revolution of 1794? Study the domestic history of that land for *the previous eight hundred years*. The nation lending itself to a system of foreign priestcraft, made it death for any citizen to believe God's word; and thus the light which gave civil and religious liberty to other lands was quenched in France. This, and the actual slaughter of tens of thousands of inoffensive subjects for no crime but worshipping God, is the cause of all her present sorrows. There is a needs-be for reference to these times, and that the attention of men should be drawn to them. God speaks in history. He vindicates His word in history. Infidels sit in their rooms, and wear out their brains with theories of 'evolution' and 'matter.' It would be far better for them to take God's word, and compare it with the history of the nations of Europe. If they did so, if they understood His word, and knew the history of England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, they would be obliged to confess: 'The Lord, He is the God. The Lord, He is the God.' *'He is the God that answereth by fire.'*

Christians in England would do well to read a

few pages of the history of the Church of France. They are not half thankful for the centuries of peace and blessing their land has enjoyed. I trust that the perusal of this page of French history, concerning the Church and home of my fathers, will cause many a heart in England to praise God for past mercies to the nation, and to sympathize with the missionary efforts of the long-persecuted Church of France.

The following extracts are taken from the *History of the French Reformation*, by F. Puaux, Paris, 1859, vol. i. page 234 and following:—

‘On the borders of the Durance, scattered in twenty-two villages, of which Cabrieres and Merindol were the chief, there lived a small population of eighteen thousand souls, whom persecution had brought from the valleys of Piedmont. For more than two centuries they had devoted themselves to agriculture, and were as much distinguished for their integrity as for their dissent from the practices of the Romish Church, with which the Vaudois, their ancestors, would never unite. Skilful and persevering, they changed waste land into smiling fields. Their existence in the midst of a Catholic population is a fact which can only be explained by the direct intervention of Providence on their behalf.

‘In 1535 the Romish clergy, with the Arch-

bishop of Aix at their head, decreed the extermination of this entire population as "heretics." But the people of Merindol appealed to Francis I., who granted them a respite of six months, on condition of denying their faith. They would not accept these terms. Some were put to death. Others were fined. It was not, however, until 1540 that the mass of the people were again disturbed. In this year Merindol was cited in the person of its fifteen principal inhabitants to appear before the Parliament of Aix. Conscious of innocence, and knowing what was the purpose of their enemies, they did not go. On the 18th November 1540 the Court gave judgment, condemning ten of the principal men to be burnt alive, banishing for ever their wives, children, relatives, and servants, and directing that Merindol should be burnt, razed, and made desolate for ever.'

The clergy hastened the execution of this cruel sentence. To his honour, a Roman Catholic nobleman interfered, and even after the Archbishop of Aix had sent off an armed band to carry the sentence into execution, he was compelled by the President Chassaunce to recall it. The matter came to the ear of the King. The inhabitants of Merindol and those villages were accused to him by the priests as a dissolute, drunken, and rebellious population, which it would be an advantage to the public

to exterminate. Francis I. sent a nobleman to inquire into the state of that district. The Seigneur de Langey was a nobleman who, like the Count d'Orthey in Louis XIV.'s reign, could say, 'My honour is my own.' He would not lie to please the priests. His report to the King is a matter of French history. He describes the fields of Merindol and the valley of the Durance as the garden of France. In regard to the refusal of the people to pay taxes and to serve in the army, which the clergy had charged against them, he reports that they were a most sober, industrious, and loyal people; that they paid their taxes regularly, and that the King had no braver soldiers in his army than those which came from this district.

In consequence of this report the sentence remained unexecuted for five years. The King had annulled the judgment of the Parliament of Aix, but again on condition of the people giving up the faith of their fathers, the gospel of Christ. This they would not do. Their enemies never relaxed their efforts to obtain the King's sanction to their extermination. At length Francis I., doubtless troubled in his conscience by his many sins, and instructed that the blood of the heretics would wash them all away, gave his consent.

On the 12th April 1545 the Baron d'Oppede, a tiger in his thirst for blood, assembled the Parlia-

ment at Aix, and read the King's letter authorizing the destruction of that population. On the 17th, 18th, and 19th, Merindol, Cabrieres, and twenty villages were burnt. All men, women, and children found in them were cruelly put to death, except a few, who were spared to serve with felons in the galleys.

Those who had escaped by fleeing to the mountains bowed before the Lord. A demand to leave France in peace was refused. Assembled together in one of their mountain retreats, they waited upon God. They read His word, and then prayed the Lord not to forsake them in their hour of need. Silence followed the prayers.

It was broken by one of the elders, who rose and spoke thus: '*The least care we should have is for our goods and lives. What we should fear is lest, by torture and weakness, we should deny the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of His gospel. It is for this reason we should turn our thoughts above the earth, and carry them to heaven, in order that God may give us grace to persevere in His holy doctrine. For ourselves, let us stand fast, even should all the nations turn from the true religion and follow Baal. Let us stand fast, and may neither shot nor bomb annihilate our faith.*'

A second rose and said: '*If the Son has made us free, we shall be free indeed. And even if we pass*

through the valley of the shadow of death, we will fear no evil, for the Lord is with us ; and He hath said, I will never leave thee or forsake thee. *Let us not, then, fear those who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but let us fear Him who can cast body and soul into hell.* In place of abandoning the law, the ordinances, and the doctrine of the gospel, let us recall constantly those words of the Lord: "*He that shall endure to the end shall be saved.*"'

The third continued the exhortation: 'We are here, several old men, whom the Lord has often delivered from great dangers. *What ought we, therefore, now to ask Him, but that it may please Him to give us all the desire to honour Him, to fear Him with all our hearts, to put all our confidence in this, that He will open our eyes to do His commandments and those things which are agreeable to Him?* For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Let us be ready to die.'

A fourth then rose and said: '*If the Lord wishes to deliver us, He will do it.* Let us not, therefore, be troubled by what man can do. *If we must die, let us not fear, for the Lord will give us a heavenly mansion, in which there is neither poverty nor misery, sighs nor tears, but joy and eternal gladness. Let us rejoice in our tribulation, knowing that our sorrow shall be turned into joy.* In our turn we

shall be in joy, when the wicked shall lament and gnash their teeth.'

After these elders had spoken, there was silence. The meeting was deeply moved. At length the young men spoke. The same grace was given to them. Thus the first began: '*We are taught by the Holy Scriptures to take care that none of us suffer as a thief, or liar, or busybody. But if we suffer as Christians, let us not be ashamed, but let us glorify God on this behalf.*'

This is a very beautiful picture. I feel sure that every true Christian will look at it, and praise Him whose grace shines in it, undimmed by age. It is the only conference of the Church of my forefathers on record. I thank the Lord that this example of their faith and patience has been preserved as a legacy to me.

The Mission of the Church of France
to South Africa.

CHAPTER III.

IT was after a constant succession of such events as those narrated in the preceding chapter,—after the terrible persecutions of Louis XIV., after the Revolution of 1794, after the wars of Napoleon I., after events which might well have destroyed life not spiritual,—that the silver moon of the Church of Christ in France rose in silent, quiet beauty, to shed its light on the far distant land of Southern Africa.

Every step in the history of this mission is marked to my mind by the hand of God clearly and unmistakably. It seems as if, after its long period of suffering, the Lord hastened to honour the faith and patience of the Church of France.

In the year 1824, less than ten years after the establishment of the peace which followed the wars of the first Napoleon, the Paris Missionary Society was founded. It was commenced in faith and hope as an auxiliary to the missionary efforts of other Continental Churches. But, as with individuals, so

with associations of Christians in Christ's work, grace is added to grace, according to their faith.

A visit paid by the Rev. Dr. Philip, of the London Missionary Society, to Paris, in the year 1828, was the origin of the Mission of the Church of France to Southern Africa. This servant of God had been in South Africa, and, being earnestly desirous that by all means the gospel of Christ should be spread in that land, urged upon the Paris Missionary Society to send preachers of the word of God thither. The Society acted on this advice; and in the year 1829, Rolland, Lemue, and Bisseux, ministers of the gospel of Christ, left France to preach the name of Jesus to the heathen in the unknown interior of that vast continent. The relations at that time between England and France were very different to what they are now. These men went forth to commence a work for the Lord in a land in which, whether from the white man or the black, they had no right to expect anything but opposition; but they went forth in faith and with prayer, to realize, as all do who act in faith with prayer, that whatsoever they had asked in prayer, believing, they were to receive. This is an *infallible* rule. Brainerd, Gardiner, Henry Martin—not one of them failed. Death is no failure in a missionary. He sows the seed of faith in other hearts; and if his work be not done by himself, it is by one

who is, through faith, begotten of him. Cheer up, fellow Christians; remember it is written, ‘By the greatness of His might; for that He is strong in power, NOT ONE FAILETH’¹—not one star, material or spiritual. Each sheds its appointed light.

From a brief but deeply interesting memoir of one of these three brethren, M. Lemue, I shall now try to extract such facts as will give an outline of the commencement of the Mission of the Church of France in Southern Africa. This record; a valuable book, entitled *The Basutos*, written by M. Casalis, the present Director of the Mission-house in Paris, after twenty-three years’ labour in that tribe; a book by M. Arbousset, another missionary; and such details as I have been able to gather during my visit to the missionaries in Basutoland, are my sources of information for these notes. At the same time, I ought to remark that this book is not written at the request of the French missionaries, but, I believe, at the promptings of the Holy Spirit in my own heart, it being my desire to obtain from the wealthy Churches of Great Britain and America sympathy and aid for this mission of their poorer but faithful sister, the Church of France.

The ordination of these three missionaries took place in the Church of St. Mary, in Paris, on the 2d May 1829. *It was the first time that French Pro-*

¹ Isa. xl. 26.

testants had been witnesses of such a spectacle. They could realize the greatness of the blessing the Lord had *now* vouchsafed to their long-oppressed Church. It was not forgotten that in 1656 fourteen missionaries of the Church of France had gone to the Brazils. But they left their land under the fire of persecution, and it had been out of the question to set them apart publicly for the service of God in a city which was soon to witness the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The occasion was one of deep solemnity. After the service and address of the Director of the Mission-house, Lemue spoke for his brethren, at their request. A few passages from his discourses will show the humility, self-denial, and faith in God, with which the first missionaries of the Church of France to South Africa went forth. '*We know that we are, in every respect, unworthy to be called to become ambassadors of Jesus Christ. Who are we, to go and exercise a ministry of holiness and love among the heathen? We cannot ignore that we shall one day have to render an account of our administration.* In experiencing the need of humbling ourselves before God, and confessing our weakness before men, we feel, however, that *the unhappy condition of the heathen calls us amongst them, and that to refuse to carry them the gospel would be to unburden ourselves of the Cross of Christ. We are Christians, and we ought to leave all to go*

and teach these men, so long abandoned, that our Saviour is also their Saviour. This was done for us in the olden time by our brothers of Asia, when they came to us for the first time, to bring us the gospel at the peril of their lives. Freely have we received the gospel, freely ought we to give it. Even as to-day we should be the most miserable of men if it were not permitted us to hope in the promises of the gospel, and to adore Jesus Christ as our Master, so are we compelled to go and publish the mercy of the Lord,—to teach the heathen that He became poor that we might be made rich. It is in God alone that we place our hope. It is from Him alone we expect any success. Full of confidence in such a Master, from this day we heartily leave all we hold dearest in this world to follow Him. We renounce with joy our parents, our friends, our country, and even our brothers and sisters in the faith. It is into His arms we cast ourselves for the future, persuaded that He will not leave us orphans, though we lose you all in one day!’

Here was a testimony of faith! It witnesses for the Lord, even now, that He had not forsaken His Church in France. For *forty years* He sustained His servant who spoke these words amid the trials of a missionary’s life in Africa; and when at last He called him home, his departure for eternal glory was a glorious victory. As his last hour approached, his wife asked him whether he felt near the valley of the

shadow of death. '*I am in it,*' he answered. '*Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,*' was then her prayer. 'Yes,' he added, '*for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.*'

The conversion and call to the ministry of this servant of God are proofs of that which it is the object of this book to prove, that the Lord has in a very marked manner interfered in behalf of this mission. Nothing but a lifeless formalism reigned where Lemue was born and brought up. Meetings were organized to read the word of God. Lemue attended them. The minister was first converted; Lemue came next. The Lord revealed Himself to him very fully, drawing him to Himself in obedience and self-denial. With another friend he determined to give himself to the Lord. As their parish could only be visited once in six weeks by the minister, at the request of friends Lemue and his companion conducted the meetings for the study of God's word. He acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all. *He was then eighteen years old.* 'This circumstance, apparently fortuitous, contributed to reveal to both of us our vocation to the holy ministry of the word.' Two interruptions occurred to try the reality of Lemue's desire for the mission work. One was the temporary break-up of the Mission-house; the other his being drawn by conscription in his twentieth year. This was a great trial, but he did

not lose courage, and devoted himself to preaching the gospel to his comrades. His colonel let him have his own way. ‘You are not in your right place among us,’ he said to him. At the end of three months a substitute was found, and Lemue returned to the Mission-house, to be none the worse missionary for having stood fire in a barrack-room.

I have been insensibly drawn away by these details connected with the sending forth of the first missionaries of the Church of France in Africa. They are facts which ought not to be omitted in the history of any mission. *It is the grace of God, the providence of God, and the power of God, which are the chief interest in all the varied histories of the planting of the gospel among the heathen.* Were the souls of Christ’s people quickened to observe these things in foreign mission work, they would be far more earnest in prayer, and more liberal in giving for the support of missions. There is a holy, healthy exercise of soul in reading of *the Lord’s working with His servants*, which pictures of cannibal kings, roaring lions, heathen feasts, or wholesale conversions cannot possibly afford. *One is dwelling in the secret place of the Most High*—the other is descending to this world. *One is the contemplation in adoring wonder, as in heaven, of the Lord doing His own work*—the other is the mere spectacle on earth of the result of that work!

Let us travel to the Cape of GOOD HOPE, whither the three children of France and of God were bound. The Lord had gone before them. He had arranged no ordinary welcome for his servants. Not far from Cape Town He had planted in 1698 a colony of His children, who had escaped from France to Holland at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Cape of Good Hope was at that time the possession of the Dutch. The Government of Holland allowed the French refugees to emigrate to South Africa. Many availed themselves of it; and I could not help feeling, when I visited this colony last year, how graciously the Lord had shielded, for two centuries, in the lovely valley of Wellington, South Africa, the children of those who had forsaken homes and lands for His name's sake. The history of this colony is summed up in these words: '*They are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow. He poureth contempt on princes*' (Louis XIV., and all slaves of priests). '*Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction, and maketh Him families like a flock. The righteous shall see it, and rejoice; and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.*'¹

The descendants of the French refugees gave the three representatives of the Church of France a hearty welcome. 'When two brothers meet after a long separation, what deep emotions fill their hearts—

¹ Ps. cvii. 39-42.

what joy they feel in seeing each other once more ! Your fathers are our fathers. The same country gave birth to our ancestors ; and more than this, we raise our eyes together to the same heavenly home. *How rejoiced would be those holy men who for the love of the religion of Jesus Christ exiled themselves from their dear France, and sought in strange lands that refuge from persecution which their country denied them, if they were witnesses of what is passing in this assembly.* Perhaps they were permitted to look down on that meeting. We are forbidden by God's word 'to intrude into those things which we have not seen.'¹ We may, however, believe, without 'worshipping angels,' that the spirits of the redeemed are permitted, according to the will of God, to know something of those they loved on earth, who are being kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The words spoken were those of Lemue. He praised the Lord for having again visited His Church of France. 'God has done great things for France. He has caused the torch of evangelical truth to shine amongst us with a new lustre.' He exhorted his brethren to encourage each other in the work of the Lord.

It is delightful to witness the double purpose of blessing in the sending forth of the missionaries of the Church of France to South Africa. His name

¹ Col. ii. 18.

shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, as well as The Mighty God. Not only did the Lord purpose blessing to the tribes of South Africa by their means, but also to the children of His servants, who had lost all in France for His name's sake. The descendants of the French refugees insisted that one of the missionaries should remain to build up again the Church of France in their midst. The appeal could not be refused. M. Bisseux was chosen as their minister. At that time slavery existed in the Dutch settlements : the Hottentots were slaves of the European settlers. The arrival of these preachers of the gospel brought to those of this tribe working for the French refugees the light of the knowledge of the glory of God ! Thus, before the mission started for the interior, it was permitted to plant one centre of light in a South African tribe, and to gather together a scattered fragment of the ancient Church of France ! Was not the hand of the Lord in all this ?

And now for a voyage of faith, which I delight to pen. The reader can form no idea of the journey of Lemue and Rolland, unless somewhat acquainted with South African travel and heathen chiefs. All ideas of European roads and ways of business must vanish. Weeks and months of wearisome marching, delays, difficulties, hindrances unnumbered,—these things the least that the two French brethren encountered. But GOD was with them, and they knew

it, and they went on. ‘*This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith.*’¹

They visited various mission stations on their way to Kaffirland. There was no lack of room alongside the English Societies, which had then begun to labour among the Kaffirs. But they were led of the Lord to go to the regions beyond. They noticed the bad feeling which existed between the Kaffirs and English, and foresaw the wars which afterwards took place. *They decided, therefore, to seek entirely new countries, where the name of Christ had never been preached.* I cannot but admire the grace of God in this decision. Faith is indeed the gift of God, whether to lay hold on His word and the atonement of Christ for the salvation of the soul, or to journey on alone into unknown and unexplored lands to preach the gospel. Unable, of course, to consult the Mission Committee in Paris, the two brethren acted in faith and prayer; and the sequel will show how God led them. ‘*If we could have received your directions, all our doubts would have been dissipated. I can tell you that I have often watered with my tears the soil of Kaffraria. It is in such moments one has need to remember the promise, “I am with you alway.”*’ Thus wrote Lemue.

Travelling onward, they at length reached Litakou, which was then the last place marked on the map of

¹ 1 John v. 4.

South Africa. Moffat had already planted, not far off, the station of Kuruman. They therefore proposed to go about a hundred miles farther, to preach the gospel to the Bahurutsi, a numerous tribe, whose existence was at that time first known. But it was necessary to rest a while at Kuruman, to learn the language and make arrangements for the enterprise.

'These Things did these Three.'

1 CHRON. xi. 19.

CHAPTER IV.

THE hand of the Lord had thus carried to the very advanced posts of mission work in Southern Africa the first missionaries of the Church of France. Is it not delightful to see how God honours and blesses the faith He bestows? The very weakness of the effort seems to call out the energy of His power. That which He begins, He performs. The first excursion into the country of the Bahurutsi was made by M. Rolland. He found populations willing to receive missionaries; but a reign of terror existed among them. Mosélékatsi, a cruel and sanguinary tyrant, ruled them with a rod of iron, and the people feared to receive a white man, lest they should incur his wrath. Meanwhile Lemue had gone on an expedition to the scattered inhabitants of the Kalihari, a kind of small Sahara north-west of Litakou. Let us allow him to recount this incident in his life. It will serve to show that the work of pioneers among the heathen tribes is

not the romance which the enemies of God and His servants try to make out.

'Several inhabitants of Kuruman had resolved to undertake this journey, to make exchanges of beads, tobacco, and other articles, for elephants' teeth. When we saw them going to brave all sorts of danger, without any other motive than worldly gain, we felt ashamed to exercise less zeal in propagating the gospel. We started, M. Baillie (colleague of M. Moffat) and I, and joined the travellers. From the first day we had to make a path through the desert, and to guide ourselves by the compass. Often we had to use the hatchet to open a way through thorny bush. By degrees the country became drier. Immense plains of sand extended themselves before us. The heat was intense. Water was very scarce. We had often to go a day's journey to get a little for the oxen. We were always careful to consult our Bechuanas as to the distance which separated us from the nearest water. Our guides having assured us on leaving Malebing, that not far from there there was water in abundance, we continued our journey. *Having marched two days and one night in the hope of finding a fountain, what was our dismay, when, having reached the place which had been described to us, we found no water!* Our oxen, tormented by thirst, were almost unmanageable, and it was with great difficulty they

could be kept in the yoke. All that could be done was to dig in the sand. Every one set to work, but the sand was so loose that it filled the holes as fast as we made them. However, *by dint of perseverance, we succeeded in excavating trenches of about six feet in depth, into which we had the joy of seeing the water slowly filtering. The hand of Providence was visible on this occasion.* Watching the water oozing and rising insensibly, I said within myself, "Fill, O Lord, these trenches; otherwise we are dead, and the birds of prey will eat our flesh in the desert." For two days we were occupied in drawing water in vessels for our beasts to drink. *This spot is one degree south of the tropic of Capricorn.* No other traveller to my knowledge had yet penetrated so far in this direction into the interior of the country. Judging it would be exposing ourselves to certain death to go any farther, we returned by the same way we came. Arrived at Malebing, men and women threw themselves into the water with delight, unable sufficiently to quench their thirst and refresh themselves. As this day was the Sabbath, we held service, in which our Bechuanas showed, by their tears and sobs, the gratitude they felt towards God for the deliverance granted to them.'

The result of the hardship and exposure on this occasion was a severe illness, which was at the time

a very great trial of faith, and from which Lemue continued ever after to suffer. Thus he wrote: 'What will be the result of it, God knows; but, humanly speaking, there is little hope of recovery. In the circumstances in which we find ourselves,—on the point of taking a long journey into the interior, and commencing a new work, which requires much labour and endurance,—this affliction is most difficult to bear.' The Lord did not suffer the faith of His servant to fail, and restored to him sufficient strength to labour on. A new fellow-workman, M. Pellissier, arrived from France, to complete the number of the '*first three*' of the mission band of that Church. It was determined to go to the country of the Bahurutsi, and there preach the gospel. The journey was performed without difficulty; and the French missionaries found themselves in a lovely country, farther into the interior of Southern Africa than any other mission band, and among a numerous population, who welcomed their arrival. 'Here come our people!' was the cry of the natives. The chief of Mosiga gave them a beautiful valley, and assisted them in their first efforts at settling. Everything promised beyond their utmost expectations. But they were to have a great trial of faith; and although the Lord granted them the desire of their heart to be the shepherds of this flock, it was to be by a way that they knew

not of. May the record of it raise the faith of His labouring servants who are walking in darkness and have no light, even as it strengthens mine in writing it !

Hardly had the missionaries commenced their house, when messengers from the tyrant Mosélékatsi arrived, ordering them to come and appear before him. M. Pellissier went. The natives said he would never return. The interview was more favourable than was expected. The crafty tyrant, wishing to allay the fears of the Bahurutsi, received M. Pellissier with kindness, kept him for a few days, urged him to come and live at his great place, and put no obstacle to his return. He had, however, hardly got back to his brethren, when other messengers arrived commanding all three missionaries to go to Mosélékatsi. The chief of Mosiga begged them to leave his tribe, fearful of the vengeance of the tyrant. Natives arriving from different places informed them that Mosélékatsi had determined on their destruction. Not one of the Bahurutsi would go with them to his camp. There was nothing to be done but return to Litakou. They had hardly left Mosiga when the storm burst. ‘Africa rings with the diabolical acts of the Matebeles. The Barolongs are defeated. The Bechuanas are dispersed. The Bahurutsi took flight while the blood of the other tribes was yet smoking.’

This was Lemue's brief record of the close of the first part of their mission. But it had not been in vain.

The second part of the story forms one of the most beautiful narratives of missionary enterprise I have ever read. It glorifies God. It glorifies the Lord Jesus Christ, whose grace and love shine throughout it.

Like their blessed Lord, the Good Shepherd, who came from heaven to seek and to save lost man, these faithful servants would not abandon their flock without an effort to deliver them. They heard that they had fled before the wolf, and Roland and Lemue went to seek and to save them. This journey was a more difficult one than any before. For eight days they marched on towards the east, guided by the compass. At length they discovered the fugitives. They had wandered for several weeks without knowing where to go, and were dying of hunger. The good shepherds had brought sufficient for their need. No sooner were they recognised than a crowd surrounded them, crying for food. Cattle were at once slaughtered, and the perishing multitude was fed. Is not this a picture which touches the heart? Is not the hand of the Lord plainly seen in bringing these two men out from France to be the saviours of a multitude in Central Southern Africa who were suffering

the consequences of heathenism? When the women and children had regained sufficient strength, the good shepherds bade their flock to follow them. What a sight for men and angels! Two white men, hardly knowing the country, guiding by gentle stages, through fearful solitudes in Africa, a multitude of poor black men, the majority of whom had only then seen them for the first time! The chiefs behaved very well, and tried to establish order. The Lord caused the faith and perseverance of His servants to triumph over every difficulty. They secured for the flock they had rescued a good reception not far from Litakou; and without appearing to have been conscious of it, they had thus performed one of the most noble deeds of Christian love.

A large number of those they had rescued determined to settle with the missionaries. Mr. Moffat advised them at once to establish a station; and thus was founded *Motito*, the first mission station of the Church of France in Southern Africa, at eighteen miles' distance from Kuruman.

A Prince and People prepared of the Lord.

CHAPTER V.

WE must now leave the three brethren, and travel some distance eastward. While the event narrated at the close of the previous chapter was taking place, three more preachers of the gospel, ministers of the Church of France, were on their way to Africa. On their arrival at Cape Town, they learned that their brethren had been driven away from Mosiga ! This was very discouraging news ; but they were soon to find out that God had been beforehand for them in their work for Him, and that He had prepared for His Church of France an open and wide door elsewhere.

I delight to trace the hand of God in history and in providence. He is indeed wonderful in counsel. His grace, mercy, and power seem to delight to undo all the evils of sin. If His people were not so faithless, so blind, and so indifferent to His works and glory, He would show them great and mighty things. Alas ! when the pen of truth writes

the history of the Church of Christ in our day, it must write this, 'He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.'

From another branch of the Bechuana tribe than that to which the people of Litakou, Kuruman, and Motito belonged, the Lord called out in His great grace a chief and people, to whom He purposed to give His gospel by the Church of France. The Basutos, one of the many tribes which inhabited the country on both sides of the Maluti or Drakenberg range of mountains, were led in a most remarkable way, in the year 1824, from more northerly and inaccessible quarters, to what is now marked in the maps of South Africa as Basutoland. The record of these events forms an interesting page in South African history. I will endeavour to extract it concisely from a work by M. Arbousset, one of the second three who came out to labour in the French Mission.

Some years previous to 1824, Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos, whose name will be often noticed in these pages, attained his eighteenth year. He was the last and most distinguished of the independent chiefs of this tribe. In his youth a warrior, he was renowned for his daring and courage. With his friend and comrade, Makoniane, he concerted, in the year 1821, a plan for raising a large Basuto empire.

At this time war raged on both sides of the

Maluti Mountains. Moshesh, however, who had become rich by plunder, founded his 'great place' at Boutabouta, and for some time dwelt in peace. But a Zulu warrior, Matouane, invaded his country, and attacked Létoulu. Moshesh sent an embassy and presents, but in vain. Létoulu was taken. Boutabouta was also attacked. Moshesh's sentinels slept. The place fell. Aided by refugees from another tribe, Moshesh retook his capital, and this time built his house on the top of the rock instead of at the bottom. His enemies returned in greater numbers. For two months they fought for the cattle of the Basutos. At length the Basutos were beaten, and Moshesh was besieged. So great was the misery of the garrison, that they eat dogs, skins, and leather. And yet Moshesh and his warriors sang their songs, to which their enemies replied from below !

Reduced to this extremity, Moshesh sought the aid of a Matebele chief, who drove away his enemy, *but himself took Boutabouta*, which he entered as a friend, pillaged it, drove Moshesh and his people into the mountains, and settled himself there. Driven thus from his home, Moshesh led those of his people who still followed him to what is now called Basutoland, and established his 'great place' at Thaba-Bosio. Noné, chief of the Bapontis, received the Basutos kindly. His village was at the bottom of

the rock. Moshesh and the Basutos built theirs at the top. Alas for heathenism, whether infidel communism in Europe, or barbarism in Africa, it knows no laws, human or divine! Moshesh's brothers, against his will, attacked their host. He called in a band of Manguauui to help him. They tried to plunder him instead of his enemies, but were repulsed. Noné was again attacked by the Basutos. This time, I am sorry to say, Moshesh joined his brothers. Noné was driven from Basutoland.

Moshesh now sought peace and alliance with his old enemy, Matouane. He sent him many presents. Embassies were exchanged. But before long Moshesh was informed that an army under Mosélane, one of Matouane's chiefs, was advancing against Thaba - Bosio. He called together his warriors. 'Friends, to-morrow we must fight, and one cannot help the other [referring to the extent of mountain to be defended]. I invited the Manguauis to settle in my country, but they are my enemies. Guard well to-night the approaches to your kraal. At break of day, if the enemy attack us, let us defend ourselves with courage. *They say he is strong. Is he invincible?*' Next day a battle was fought. As the armies closed, a Matebele warrior left the ranks, and, raising his shield, defied the Basutos. 'What is that?' he said in derision. Moshesh with one blow laid him at his feet.

I have made no attempt to describe these wars. I have recorded Moshesh's speech, for it appeals to me as a soldier of Christ Jesus in the battle now raging against the powers of darkness. I have recorded the single combat, for it is an emblem of how my Chief fights for me.

The history now closes. Matouane was attacked and defeated by a Zulu chief. He himself was tortured, and his whole tribe, men, women, and children, put to death! *Does not this state of things in Africa, where the light of the gospel has not yet shone, call for mercy from the Churches of Christ?* One terrible result of all these wars was, that the people, unable to cultivate their fields, were reduced to great extremities for food; and at the time the missionaries of the Church of France entered Basutoland, the Maluti Mountains *were infested with cannibals!*

Moshesh was repeatedly attacked by the Koraunas, and by other tribes, but they could not capture his citadel, Thaba-Bosio. The constant defeats of his enemies, and two successful expeditions against the Tamboukies, obtained for him the reputation of a great and wise chief. Scattered fragments of many tribes sought protection under his power. He invited those Basutos who had fled to Natal and the Colony to come to his land. Thus he gathered together in one large district a numerous

population, worn out with war, thoroughly humbled by constant famine and misery, and anxious to live in peace.

Eight years after he had thus moved into Basutoland, a Hottentot, who had lived with English missionaries, came to hunt in Moshesh's land. The chief sent for him. The Hottentot told him of the Christian religion, and that that alone could give peace and prosperity to the people of Africa. Moshesh listened. He had grown tired of war, and was very desirous to preserve his people in peace. He made the Hottentot promise that he would try to find a teacher for his people. After his visitor had gone, fearing he had forgotten his promise, he sent a deputation *to the great chief of the whites, with a present of two hundred oxen, praying him to send him back, in exchange for the cattle, men capable of teaching the blacks.* After four or five days' march, the embassy was attacked, and the oxen taken. This did not discourage Moshesh. By the same or another Hottentot, he sent a second request for a man of prayer. The message was brought to Dr. Philip, who was at that time missionary at Philipolis.

I trust that I have not wearied the reader in the record of these events. In themselves, as matters of African history, they are not very interesting; but regarded as events watched and overruled by the

providence of God, to prepare a field for His gospel, they deserve attention. To me all history, especially that which concerns the Church of Christ, is like a bouquet of flowers. Each leaf, each petal, is replete with beauty. The delicate veins, the exquisite tints, are marked with divine perfection. I could spend hours in admiring their exquisite workmanship. This I hope to do in Paradise, but not now, for we must occupy until the Lord comes.

God had prepared the field, and He had prepared the workmen. This was the field He had from all eternity decreed for His faithful Church of France. Moshesh sent his request for a missionary at the same time that MM. Arbousset, Casalis, and Gosselin, three preachers of the gospel from France, arrived in South Africa. Hearing of the trial which had befallen their brethren who had preceded them, but not of the establishment of the station of Motito, they travelled on, not knowing whither they were to go. On arrival at Philipolis, they learned from Dr. Philip that the chief of the Basutos desired preachers of the word of God. They could not doubt the hand of the Lord in this thing. They found the Hottentot who had brought the message of Moshesh, and he offered to guide them to Basutoland.

It was in the month of July 1833 that the three missionaries of the Church of France arrived

at Thaba - Bosio. Moshesh gave them a warm welcome. He himself helped them to choose a site for their station, and appointed two of his sons to take care of them. In writing this, I must guard the reader from thinking that Moshesh was anything more than a heathen. He knew nothing of the gospel, its holy demands, its blessed laws. He only thought of the benefits of civilisation for his people. One of his chiefs, afterwards converted, reminded Moshesh, who attended his baptism: ‘ You told me, when you bid me take care of the missionary, *that I was only to put one foot into the church, and keep the other out ; that I was only to listen with one ear, and keep the other closed. I put one foot into the church, but I could not keep the other out. The love of Jesus drew me in.*’ Then followed a most beautiful ascription of praise to the Lord Jesus.

The station thus pointed out by Moshesh was named Morijah, the French word for Moriah, where the father of Israel offered up his son. Soon afterwards, M. Casalis went to live at Thaba-Bosio, and formed a second station there, M. Arbousset and M. Gosselin remaining at Morijah. As these places will be referred to in my diary, I will not here describe them.

Having thus traced the wonderful way in which the Mission of the Church of France was introduced

into Basutoland, let us return to the 'first three,' whom we left in charge of their rescued flock at Motito. It was in the year 1833, the same year that the mission arrived in Basutoland, that Motito had been founded. The work at this station was not sufficient for the three brethren. They saw the importance of having as many of their labours as possible in Basutoland. It was therefore arranged that Lemue should remain in charge of Motito. Rolland and Pellissier joined the Basuto mission, and founded the two stations of Bethulie and Beersheba. The Lord did not leave His servant Lemue alone. He sent him at this juncture a companion worthy of sharing his labours,—one of the daughters of M. Colani, his spiritual father. Soon after this, M. and Mdme. Lauga came to assist him in the work. He laboured here with very great faithfulness until 1848, when the voice of his brethren, who desired his counsel and sympathy, called him down to Basutoland. His name to this day is beloved by the people of Motito. While living there, a tribe of Koraunas, who had received some knowledge of Christianity, claimed his instruction. Although it was several days' march to Mamousa, he visited them regularly, and delighted to spend weeks at a time among them. There, too, his name is greatly loved.

I cannot attempt to write a history of the

Mission of the Church of France in South Africa. It will suffice the Christian reader to know how it was planted in Basutoland; and he would rather read what I saw with my own eyes, than have to peruse a long statement of facts. In visiting the various stations, much of the history and progress of the mission will be narrated. I therefore purpose to give a short general sketch of the mission, in order to record some of the perils and dangers through which it has been brought by the mighty arm of the Lord. He that hath begun a good work performs it according to His will, in nations as in man.

Who worketh all Things according to the
Counsel of His own Will.

CHAPTER VI.

‘ARM yourselves *with the same mind*,’ is a needful caution for Christians when they either read or write of mission work. If we do not look on God’s work with God’s mind, as revealed to us in His holy word, how can we understand it? It has been the neglect of this which, for the most part, has led to so much indifference on the part of the Church of Christ as to His command, ‘Go ye *into all the world*, and preach the gospel,’ and as to the salvation of the millions yet in darkness, for whom Christ died.

Remember, then, first of all, that it is declared in God’s word that ‘*the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked*,’ and that this is the case of *all men*, white and black. *There is no difference*, no exception. It is ignorance of this which makes so many professing Christians wonder at the apparently slow progress of the gospel. ‘*Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit*.’ This is

God's rule in every conversion, whether in England or Africa.

Remember, again, that in this dispensation *the Church of Christ is being gathered out* from among the nations. God is *now* visiting the Gentiles, '*to take out of them a people for His name.*' One Jew, one Gentile, one European, one Asiatic, one African, one American, one from the Isles of the Sea. *One by one they are being gathered in, day by day, until the elect remnant of Israel and the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.* Then the Lord Jesus will come and take us unto Himself. '*The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.*' This shall be; but not until woe has been meted out '*to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city with iniquity,*'—even the fourth kingdom, Europe, which has thus established its empire in Asia, Africa, and America. '*Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God;*' but not until He has rebuked the company of spearmen, and scattered the people that delight in war,' even the nations of Europe. O Lord, give Thy servants in these days grace to read *Thy whole word*, and not one text only.

I dared not write on this subject without giving this caution. To the nominal or careless Christian, the work of missions to the heathen of Asia and Africa has been a great failure. To the Christian

instructed by the word of God, and at all acquainted with His work in these lands, it has been a marvellous and glorious success, far beyond all calculations of human thought or expectation. Considering the smallness of the means, the apathy and indifference of the mass of professing Christians, and the almost entire absence of prayer for foreign missions among the Churches at home, the spread of the gospel throughout the world during the last fifty years can be only accounted for by one qualified to judge what has been done, as a manifest and powerful work of the Holy Ghost in these last days.

The Basuto tribe, to whom the Lord sent His Church of France, like most African races, was sunk in the grossest heathenism—no knowledge of anything spiritual but an evil being, propitiated by sacrifices and witch-doctors. The people were slaves to witchcraft and superstition. Those who know anything of the heathenism of Africa wonder at the depths of sin. In India and China they are seen too sadly. In Africa, however, it is far worse. I have often told the people, when preaching to them, that if such things were done by our nation as they do in the sight of the sun, we should expect fire to come down from heaven and destroy us.

For five years the servants of the Lord preached the gospel to the Basuto heathen without making one

convert to the name of Christ. But the people came to hear the word of God. '*Is not my word like as a fire?*' saith the Lord.' Yes, it is. He was pleased to try the patience of His servants; but, according to His promise, as they did not faint, in due season they reaped. The name of Jesus, Saviour, became precious in many a heart in Basutoland. The baptisms of converts were attended by crowds, who listened in wonder to their confessions of faith. The faithfulness of the native Christians in refusing all adhesion to heathen customs, and bearing the persecution consequent, compelled the respect, though it did not lessen the anger, of the heathen. Moshesh, the chief, from the very first, gave the missionaries his staunch support. He regularly attended their preaching. The result was his conversion, not long before his death. Of this, from all I have heard, I have not the least doubt.

X
No time was lost in trying to educate the natives. The alphabet, reading-books, a catechism, a book of hymns, and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John, with other portions of Scripture—translated into their own language as the missionaries were able to attain it—were by degrees their first labours. The Basutos are naturally much quicker at learning than the Kaffirs, and many soon learned to read. These excited in others the desire to learn, and many spent day and night in their efforts to gain so much knowledge.

The account given by M. Casalis of the first efforts to instruct the people is very amusing. ‘Having printed some spelling books and a catechism, a school was opened. Old and young were invited to attend it. This they did with great unwillingness, protesting *that it was ridiculous to hope that a black could ever be clever enough to make the paper speak!* But in spite of these grave doubts, some began to make progress. At length, one morning some ten of the scholars discovered that they could make out the meaning of some sentences they had never before tried to read. This created great excitement. The witch-doctors declared that we had changed the hearts of the people by magic water. No one listened to them.

‘Moshesh’s father was yet alive. He was a superstitious old man, who declared that the only good thing the missionaries had brought to the Basutos was sugar. When we tried to speak to him he ridiculed our youth, and told us to go and fetch our fathers to teach him. The report of the marvels which had taken place in the school reached his ears. He laughed at what he heard; Moshesh himself was indignant at his father’s obstinacy. Profiting one day by our presence, he turned the conversation on reading. “*Lies, lies,*” said the old man; “*I will never believe that a word can become visible.*” “*You do not yet believe?*” said the son; “*we will prove it to you.*”

He told one of the best readers to go to some distance. "Now," said he to his father, "think of something and say it to the white man; he will make some marks on this robe." The words were written. The village Solomon was called, who did not hesitate to read to his chief all he had just said! The old man was stupified; covered his mouth with his hand; looked from one to the other, to see that he had not been taken to wonderland. At last he spoke, and poured on his family and subjects all possible reprobation for not having informed him of the wonders which were taking place in his country. "What!" said he to Moshesh, "are you not my eyes and ears, and you hide from me these things?" Moshesh protested, and reminded him that he had told him of it a hundred times. The irritable old man would accept no apology.'

Various and most interesting were the steps by which the spread of the gospel and the education of the people went hand in hand; but I must pass them by, and give a general sketch of what followed after the work had been fairly begun. Other missionaries arrived from France at varied intervals, and other stations were formed. The word of God was sent to other tribes than the Basutos,—the tribes which, attracted by the name of Moshesh, came to dwell under his rule.

The formation of a new station or out-station is

always an occasion in which the manners and customs of the African—his heathenism excepted—are seen to most advantage. The chief comes, and calls all his people. A description of one will enable the reader to suppose he has been to all. Imagine yourself, on a bright, balmy English summer's day, in a brilliantly green country. Grand broken mountains in every variety of form, but mostly coronetted and table-shaped, are around you. A large crowd of black men in skins and blankets—one or two white men in their midst. The white man speaks to the people, and then says, 'Let us pray.' He uncovers his head; the natives cover their faces. He asks God, in the name of Christ, to cause the light of His gospel to shine down on this place, and into many hard hearts! If there are any native Christians present, a hymn is sung. The voices are good, and the singing grand. The heathen join in the tune very often when they do not care for the words. The white man gives his message of love, urging the people to attend the preaching of God's word, and to believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour. Go there a few years afterwards, and you see on that spot a house of prayer and a school, and receive a Christian welcome.

Thus it was, doubtless, when the station of *Mekuatling* was opened by the Mission of the Church of France in Basutoland. This was a branch mission

to the Bataungs, a tribe intermixed with the Basutos. M. Daumas and his wife were sent to this tribe. Accompanied by some of his brethren, he met the chief, Makoana, and his people. After the white men had spoken, thus spake Makoana: 'My lords [literal translation],—*When you passed Eutikoa, in the moon of May, and assured me that you intended to teach me, I said to myself, "These white men can lie as well as we," and I did not believe you, especially when I saw you leave so soon. To-day I think otherwise. This place shall be mine. It is good. I will come here with all my family.*' 'Makoana,' replied his white friends, 'our hearts will be glad to see you, for you and your people are very dear to us.' Thus the gospel of Christ carries peace on earth and goodwill towards men, where, but for it, there would only be a war of extermination between the white and the black!

I must, however, remark, that it is not often that heathen chiefs act like Moshesh and Makoana. The Lord, doubtless, heard the prayers of His people, and put His good Spirit in them.

From the arrival of the first missionaries in Basutoland, in 1833, to 1848, there were no wars. Perfect peace reigned throughout the land. The Mission of the Church of France experienced—what is usual in most mission fields—a time of sowing, a time of reaping, a time of blessing, and then a time of apparent

declension. The work seemed to stop ! Some went back from the faith. The establishment of the British Government in what was called 'the Sovereignty,' now the Free State, in 1845, led to great disorders among the surrounding tribes. In these the people of Moshesh suffered. Each tribe hoped for British aid, and made war on the others. I am not writing a political work, but I will remark that, if it was a mistake for the British Government to take charge of that country in 1845, it was a far greater mistake to give it up in 1855. They left many tribes of Africans to the mercy of the Boers, and gave rise to more bloodshed by retiring than they had caused by advancing. However, the Lord reigneth, and He overrules all the folly of man, and the blunders of Governments, for the glory of His name and the good of His Church. The troubles came on the Basutos just at the right time. The young Church was becoming drowsy, and the heathen were beginning openly to scoff at the word of God !

I have thought it hardly worth while to note, that when the missionaries first came into Basutoland they were troubled by wild beasts. A lion had his den in the rock above Morija. After eating some of the cattle, they were obliged to hunt him. They killed the lioness, and he went away. Hyenas then swarmed around them,—the consequence of the wars which had desolated the land. As peace flourished, and the

population flocked into the country, the wild beasts withdrew. This was their first trial. A long period of comparative quiet, and they were to be tried by a second war. In 1852 one of those petty wars, which England might often avoid by a more careful selection of its representatives among alien races, took place between the British Government and the Basutos. A battle was fought. The British troops withdrew. This was followed soon after by the abandonment of the 'Sovereignty,' now the Free State. As soon as the British gave it up, the Boers established themselves in it; and from 1855 to 1858, when war was declared with the Basutos, there was nothing but continual marauding expeditions between them. The Boers were beaten by the Basutos. A very broken peace was maintained from that time until 1865, when a serious war began, which lasted for three years, and ended in the Basutos placing themselves under British protection.

In all these wars the missionaries, of course, were exposed to many and great dangers. Each side suspects the missionary of being a spy, or of favouring the others — the white man, because he is the friend of the black; the black man, because he is the brother of the white. He is between a cross fire, and very often, but for the gracious protection of the Lord, would be the victim of passions which, in war time, are beyond human

restraint. During the last two wars the missionaries were driven out of the country by the Boers. M. Arbousset, who was at Morija, had to fly at the peril of his life, and for four days wandered, with his daughter, in the snow across the mountains. From the Boers the missionaries received little or no consideration. It is, however, pleasant to observe in the correspondence of Sir George Cathcart, who commanded the British troops in the war of 1852, the following remark:—‘A third advantage, among many, resulting from my visit to Platberg, was that of making the acquaintance of M. Casalis and the other gentlemen of the French Mission, who, from their conversation, as well as good works, I have learnt to know, are loyally disposed towards the British Government, and sincere well-wishers to, and promoters of, the cause of peace.’

And now let us praise the Lord, who is ever the same! As in Madagascar, so in Basutoland; when the missionaries were driven out, when war, famine, and misery prevailed, the Church most thrived. The three years from June 1865 to June 1868 was the period of a marvellous revival throughout all the churches in Basutoland. The Lord raised up in the native churches evangelists and pastors, who fed the scattered flocks, and preached His gospel to their fellow-countrymen. The result was, that at the end of the

war all the churches had largely increased. When the missionaries were able to return, one evangelist brought, as a present to his minister, *one hundred souls he had gathered in* and taught while taking refuge in the mountains from the enemies of his country. *Prayer was maintained daily by the Christians* throughout all that time of trial; and as an old soldier, who has studied the history of wars from my youth, I can only account for the marvellous deliverances which God vouchsafed to the Basutos, and the fact that they are yet a people, and flourishing under the British Government, as direct answers to the prayers of the Basuto Church.

In addition to these times of trial, which are more easily imagined than described, the missionaries of the Church of France had to go through an ordeal of another kind, which ought not to be omitted in this notice. In consequence of the Revolution of 1848, and the various political troubles in France, this mission was often placed in great pecuniary difficulty. It is good to see the miserable failure of man, and the bountiful mercy of the Lord on such occasions. The agent of the French Mission in Cape Town was obliged to refuse payment of all orders from the missionaries. He only obeyed orders, whence received I will not tell. They were reduced to great straits. But the Lord raised them up friends in Cape Town, and

from India, Holland, and elsewhere, sent them £2000.

During the fifteen years of peace which followed their arrival in Basutoland, these preachers of the gospel laboured with great zeal and faithfulness. Not having at their command the sums of money by which their brethren in other Churches are aided, they could not have succeeded as they did if the Lord had not sent out among their number some excellent artisan missionaries. With their help mission-houses, schools, and places of worship were built, at little more than the cost of the wood, iron, and glass. Not only this : they taught the Basutos to build. Having visited other Kaffir tribes, I was astonished at the number of the cottages I found in Basutoland. Thus the Lord overruled the very poverty of His Church of France in benefit to the tribe to whom He sent it.

By the two wars with the Boers Moshesh lost a part of his country, in which the mission had planted the stations of Bethulie, Beersheba, Hebron, Mabulela, and Mekuatleng. All these stations but that of Mabulela had to be abandoned. The Boers allowed the buildings and property to be sold. This could not, however, make up for the great loss to the Church of France of four of its stations. The Lord's will in the matter, returning to Moshesh, in the loss of his land, that which in his youth he

had so often inflicted on others, is sufficient explanation. Doubtless, in the removal of the churches from those stations He had purposes of mercy to other places yet to be unfolded.

The names of those servants of the Church of France who have laboured in the gospel in South Africa should not be omitted in this notice. The year in which they arrived in Africa will follow their names:—

BISSEUX, LEMUE, ROLLAND, 1829.

PELLISSIER, 1831.

ARBOUSSET, CASALIS, GOSSELIN, 1833.

DAUMAS, LAUGA, 1836.

DYKE, 1837, joined the Mission 1839.

MAEDER, 1838.

MAITIN, SCHRUMF, 1843.

KECK, Dr. LAUTRY, 1845.

COCHET, FREDEAU, 1846.

JOUSSE, 1850.

COILLARD, 1858.

GERMOND, MABILLE, 1859.

ELLENBERGER, 1861.

DU VOISIN, ROLLAND (son of the above), 1862.

Dr. CASALIS (son of the above), 1864.

PREEN, CREUX, 1872.

BERTHOUD, KOHLER, 1873.

Of these, Lemue, Rolland, Pellissier, Daumas, Gosselin, and Fredeau fell asleep in Africa, only one of them ever returning again to France. Arbousset, Casalis, Lauga, and Schrumf, after many years'

labour, have retired, and are working for the Lord in their native land. Rolland has retired, and remains in Africa. The remainder are, by the help of the Lord, still carrying on the work of the mission. Creux and Berthoud are missionaries of the Church of the Canton de Vaud, who have laboured with their brethren of the Church of France. They are now going to the regions beyond.

The stations of the mission at present in and near Basutoland are Masitisi, Bethesda, Siloe, Thabena Morena, Hermon, Morija, Thaba-Bosio, Berea, Mabulela, Cana, and Leribe. Motito was handed over to the London Missionary Society in 1870.

It has been a great pleasure to me thus briefly to trace the hand of the Lord towards His Church in France, and to record how the efforts of that Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, were prevented (gone before), directed, supported, and protected in its mission to the heathen in South Africa. The word came not to the Basutos in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

Listen to one of them while he pours out the secret thoughts of a heart once in the deepest heathen darkness, now enlightened with the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ! Who is he? *He is Makoniane, who planned with Moshesh*

the founding of the Basuto empire. He is the warrior to whom Moshesh said, 'You are my right arm.' He is the Ney of Moshesh's armies, his favourite general. His fire and his pride all gone, he sits at the feet of Jesus, and hears His words. Thus he speaks :

'Sin was personified in me. I have committed every sort of crime. My bloody hand has killed not less than forty shepherds, whose only wrong was the possession of their herds. I do not count those I have wounded, nor the cannibals I have exterminated—I who in part reduced them to the terrible alternative of dying of hunger or eating their sons and their wives. Often when my minister preached, I imagined, as I listened, that he was detailing my sins. I often wished him to stop. It seemed to me he went too far. The word he spoke, which calls itself the word of God, discovered so my nakedness—showed so clearly the wounds of my soul ! I have truly a heart of mud ; I am a worm crawling, a vile raging insect, an atom of dust carried by the wind. I live, and yet I do not know Him for whom I ought to live,—the Author of my life, the God of my salvation ! Oh, how great mercy the Lord has had to reveal Himself to me ! Messengers of God, do not regret leaving your country ; do not return to it on any condition ; do not ever leave us. God has sent you to our help. You have brought us peace. You

have given us life. Am I a man? Yes, even a Christian, since I found the healing of my soul in the gospel of Christ. The gospel alone has made me know what I am, and what I ought to be,—my greatness, my littleness, my duties towards God and towards men. This gospel speaks to me, and finds me. *It is myself He calls to Him. The grief I have felt for my sins makes me know Him, love Him, and bless Him. Jesus is my Saviour. This is what I believe, this I feel, this I love to hear spoken; my heart repeats it. He has manifested Himself to Makoniane !*

‘He abideth faithful.’

CHAPTER VII.

‘HE *will fulfil the desire* of them that fear Him : He also *will hear their cry, and will save them.*’¹ Ask all the millions who have believed in the Lord in past ages, ask all the assembled Church in glory, ‘Has that word ever failed?’ The answer would be one grand ‘No!’ like the voice of mighty thunders. No! All the promises of God in Christ Jesus are, Yea! How can we learn the faithfulness of God to His word except by testing His promises?

It is to sing His praises that I now write of myself, as I have in times past. His word demands the public praises of His people. How He fulfilled my desire to visit the Mission of the Church of France in Africa is only known to Himself, and to the angels, the ministering spirits sent forth by Him to minister unto me, as to those who by grace are made heirs of salvation. None of my friends have the least idea how great was the physical weakness in which I prepared to leave England for the ardu-

¹ Ps. cxlv. 19.

ous work of a preacher of the gospel to the tribes of Southern Africa. None have any idea what is the amount of physical exertion demanded in the faithful discharge of such an office. I knew well. I also knew that nothing but the almighty power of Christ could enable me to do one day's work. Believing in Him, I determined that as long as I could crawl I would go to my post. Once there, the Lord would do as pleased Him. 'We labour that, whether present or absent, we may be acceptable to Him.'¹ This is the only thing about which His servants should concern themselves. 'Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.'²

When I first heard of the Mission of the Church of France in Southern Africa, *when* I first began to pray for it, *when* I first desired to visit it, I cannot now remember. It was certainly before this illness. Humanly speaking, there was no prospect of my ever seeing this mission; but *I prayed, I cried to the Lord*, that for the glory of His holy name He would give me strength to reach my station on the Kei. *He gives exceeding abundantly, above all we ask.* So He has carried me on beyond the Bashee, and the Orange River, and the rivers of Basutoland. Thus He has fulfilled this desire! *My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.*

¹ 2 Cor. v. 9.² Rom xiv. 8.

How He blessed me from the moment I left my house in London; how He detained me in Cape Town for a month, that I might preach His word there; how He provided me a home in sickness by the hand of His servant, a widow; how He found me a carriage to the banks of the Kei; how He provided me friends, to whose kindness I owe much; how He gave me companions in an old Christian comrade and his wife, who kept house for me; how He increased my bodily strength from day to day; how He gave me much joy in my work for Him;—these are things which every Christian must know would be provided according to my need.

‘*I bare you on eagles’ wings*’¹ was the word which seemed to sound continually in my ears, as hour after hour and day after day, with an unwearied body, a wonder to many, I rode on and on, over the mountains and plains of Kaffirland, teaching and preaching Christ. At first, riding was very painful, because of my weakness; but this soon left me. Truly, I realized in very fact that they that wait on the Lord renew their strength, they do mount up with wings as eagles, they run and are not weary, they walk and are not faint.

I will now carry the reader in imagination to Basutoland. The following extracts are from my diary, which I thus prefaced:—

¹ Exod. xix. 4.

'I am led to write notes of this journey in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, because I believe they may be useful to the Church, whether in France or elsewhere. Earnestly do I pray to write simply, faithfully, and concisely, that no time may be lost in writing, or in reading, which should be given by me or the reader to prayer and to the word.'

Nov. 6, 1874.—Awoke in a Kaffir hut, kindly built for me at Ngamakwe by a friend acting as magistrate among the Fingo tribe of Kaffirs. The rain pattering on the thatch did not promise a good start on my journey; but there are few verses of God's word more comprehensive than this: '*He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.*' It had helped me many a time before, and it helped me now. The voice that so often said to Israel's leaders, 'Up!' seemed to sound in my ears, and I prepared for my journey.

Before so doing, I took a *prayerful retrospect of twenty years*. It was on the 6th November 1854 that I awoke at the Royal Military College a commissioned officer in the British army. What a change had come over my life! *Then* all my thoughts were military distinction; *now* all my thoughts are Christ. Thanks for the unnumbered mercies of these twenty years filled my heart; and I doubt not that the blessed Spirit, helping my

infirmities, enabled me to give praise according to the will of God.

About mid-day it began to clear a little, and, having commended to the Lord the kind friends who had been as a brother and sister to me, I started on my journey. It was my desire to gather the churches in my own mission field for prayer once more. We had had meetings for prayer for my visit to Basutoland about six weeks before. Since those meetings I had made a tour of three hundred miles in preaching the word, and I wished to offer praise for the Lord’s answers to our prayers in that journey.

My first halt was the valley of the Incisininde, a large location of Fingoes, which borders on Ngamakwe. I met many heathen on my road, and preached Jesus to them. Many were waiting for me. The house of prayer was filled with Christians and with heathen. I praised the Lord publicly for His twenty years’ mercies. He could have given me no greater pleasure on such a day than finding myself a witness for Him in an assembly of African Christians and heathen. I preached on Isa. liii. 6,—the portion of the word which led to my conversion. When we came out, black heavy thunder clouds, a roar, and occasional flash promised a storm. But after a cup of tea, and some food provided by my brethren, I rode on. The Lord kept off the rain.

and I arrived at sunset at the hut of His faithful servant Maliwa Nthlati, the evangelist of *Esigubudweni*, where I slept.

I have thus started the reader, but I cannot waste his time or my own. I must write of Basutoland and the French Mission, and not of Kaffirland. I will, however, note some of the incidents of my journey. They may be profitable to others.

It is good that Christians should believe that the Lord careth for them. We do not half believe it. The Lord forgive us! That evening, after arriving at my brother's hut, my hands felt very hot and dry. There is no refreshing basin for the African evangelist. I felt inclined to ask for some water in a dish; but it was dark and drizzling, and the stream was at some distance. I was consoled by thinking how often the Lord Jesus must have lacked such comforts in His earthly pilgrimage. I had just given up all thought of relieving my hot hands, when a tremendous storm of rain burst over the valley. There happened to be one small hole in the thatch of Maliwa's hut, just over the table. Heavy drops of rain fell through this. His wife came in at that moment and put a tin dish to catch the rain. She went out. When the dish was half full I washed my hands and praised the Lord. The rain ceased as soon as there was enough water for me to wash my hands!

I could enumerate many instances of His unwearied care of me in these journeys. But what need? Have not His servants got His word and His promises? are not these enough?

Next day, after a very happy meeting with the church here,—a very little flock,—and having preached the gospel to the heathen, I rode on. Again the Lord’s mercy: I reached the house of prayer at Cibala just as a heavy storm swept over it. The elder was away, and had not received my message. A Christian came: ‘May I ring? I think some will come.’ I was very tired, and had just thanked the Lord that I could rest. The bell was rung, and in less than half-an-hour the building was full of heathen, to whom I preached the Lord Jesus. Prayer with the Christians. Wind and sun had dried the ground by the time the service was over, and I rode on to the mission at *Mbulu*, praising the Lord.

Nov. 8.—*Mbulu* is the headquarters of the mission which has been entrusted to my charge by the Lord, and by His servant and the Church to which he belongs. Many very happy days I have spent here! Many valuable lessons, I hope, I have learnt here! My people were glad to see me, and willingly stayed while for six hours we waited on the Lord. I first returned thanks for answers to prayer since we last met. Then an interval. Then preaching of the word. Another interval. Then a prayer meeting

for blessing on my visit to the missions, especially to that of the Church of France, in Basutoland. We also commended our churches to the gracious care of the Lord. I enjoyed the day very much. A walk in my garden as the sun set, feasting my eyes on the strong hills around which are emblems of God's immutable judgments, gave me sweet and profitable food for thought.

Nov. 9.—Left Mbulu. Laid the foundation-stone of a house of prayer at *Lutuli*, an out-station. This was an important event, as it is the first stone and brick building for the worship of the Lord in this mission field. I opened the service with these words: 'Hear the word of the Lord, *Behold, I lay in Zion a chief Corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.*' There were several heathen present, and I urged on them, as on the Christians, the folly and madness of building our hopes for time and eternity on any other foundation than God's, which is Jesus Christ. A collection was made towards the building. Then followed a prayer meeting. I rode away with two of my elders, Fengu and Lambata, faithful brethren, and with Josiah, a teacher. It was an hour after dark when I reached the mission station at the Tsomo. Mrs. and Miss Morris welcomed me.

Nov. 10.—Needing rest. The Lord permitted

me to halt one day for the English mail, and cheered me by two letters from my wife.

Nov. 11.—2 A.M. when I lay down ; 5 A.M. when the bell called me to rise and preach the word. I opened it. Ps. lxiii. was my morning portion. Verse 2 was what I wanted : ‘ *To see Thy power and glory, so as I have seen Thee.*’ ‘ *Lord, show me Thy power now ; I am tired.*’ Sweetly it rested on me while I testified to His grace. Spoke to the children, mid-day. *Afternoon.*—Five hours’ ride to *Wodehouse Mission Station*, where my brother W. Hunter, and his dear wife, gave me a warm welcome. I called *en route* on the magistrate of the Tambookie tribe of Kaffirs, Mr. Tymn, and his wife, and at every white man’s house, and spoke of Jesus. This there is no need to mention in my daily journeys. *Evening meetings of the church.*—*As the annual missionary meeting had taken place that day*, I needed not to speak much. I could not refrain from expressing my gratitude to the Lord that the churches of this district should have this day given £60 to foreign missions outside their own tribe, in addition to liberally supporting the gospel in their midst. £45, 13s. 6d. was given in cash. The balance would be more than realized from the following gifts :—1 horse, 10 sheep, 8 goats, 4 lambs, 3 kids, 20 fowls, 16 eggs, and half a bag of corn. *This liberality of the church among the Tam-*

bookie tribe is worth recording. It ought to prove to the Churches of Europe and America that it is worth while to spread the gospel in Africa. I reminded them that prayer was the great power given to the Church for spreading the gospel, and helping the preachers. We therefore spent an hour in prayer.

Nov. 12.—Halted a day. Visited school. Found children singing in English, 'Jesus, Emmanuel, Thou our Leader be.' Spoke to them on these words. *Evening.*—Preached to church on Numb. xxi. 13–16. What deep teaching here! Crossing the Arnon was entering the promised land,—typical of the Christian entering by faith into assured victory in Christ (Rom. viii.). Yet what was needed? *The assurance of Omnipotence with them before one battle was to be fought.* 'Gather the people together, and I will give them water.' The people were gathered. They saw the dry ground. The princes digged with staves; God filled with water. My Kaffir brethren understood the application. Every trial, every temptation must be dug into by the staff of God's word, and Jesus, the Living Water, will be found there. The meditation was sweet! I enjoyed the day very much with my dear brother and sister.

Nov. 13.—'Your difficulty will be between Wodehouse and Dordredct.' The Lord will provide. Half-way between these lay the mission

station of Mount Arthur, only five miles off the main road. Here was labouring one whom I would have ridden a hundred miles to visit. About seven hours’ ride brought me to his house, having been hospitably entertained by his uncle, and also by Mr. Adams, a Christian, at whose house I called, and who offered me forage for my tired beast, and gave also to my servant and my other beasts.

My brother E. Warner had given up the position of magistrate to the Tambookie tribe, to preach the gospel to them. His brother had given up a similar position to preach to the Ama Pondos. How my heart had been bound to theirs ! It was a real joy to meet him, because so unexpected. His wife, like-minded with himself, had faith to consent to his giving up his position and Government pay for the pittance on which missionaries in Africa barely subsist. *The Lord was faithful.* My dear brother told me that, the year he gave up his Government pay, *he had been offered an increase of rent on a small farm which is his property, and thus he was enabled to feed his large family !*

I ought here to note that the Lord had laid it on my heart in going to Africa to stir up His Church in this land to prayer. He had moved me to propose *a Prayer Union for labours in this field.* The machinery in Kaffraria is great, but the motive power is lacking. There are prayer meetings, but

not much prayer, as far as man can judge. I was painfully struck by the absence of prayer and spiritual power in my first visit to Africa, in 1871. A very few missionaries joined me in this Prayer Union. Among them these two brothers. *No words can tell the joy which filled our souls as we found ourselves thus unexpectedly united in prayer, and kneeling together on this Saturday evening.* Our hour was every Saturday evening from 8 to 9 P.M. Will Christians who pray on Saturday evenings in other lands remember 'the members of the Prayer Union of South Africa.' *We ask your prayers. We believe in prayer.*

Nov. 15.—A day not to be forgotten by me. 'I shall see Him; *and now* I shall behold Him, *and nigh.*' A blessed Lord's day. Preached to the Tambookie Church. My beloved brother interpreted. *Afternoon.*—Spoke to Sunday school, which contained as many adults as children. *Evening.*—Prayer for the Lord's blessing on my farther journey. A Christian trader here helps my dear brother in the Lord's work.

Nov. 16.—About six hours' ride brought me to Dordredct. On the road I preached at one of my brother's out-stations. A nice hut, full. I could not help thinking it was just such an audience as the Lord Jesus loved. Received at Dordredct by Rev. E. de Beer of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Met his brother, a missionary. *Evening.*—Preached to the Kaffir Christians in the native village. I shall not easily forget my ride to-day. ‘Peace be to this house,’ was my salutation. ‘What’s that?’ said the Dutchman, standing at his door. I repeated it. ‘I don’t understand that,’ said he. ‘It was the command of the Lord Jesus to His servants to salute the houses they entered with these words. I am one of His servants.’ ‘That alters the case. Come in.’ At another house: ‘What are you doing? Are you collecting shillings?’ ‘No; I am preaching Christ.’

Nov. 17.—After a long day’s ride I reached ‘*The Neck*,’ a pass in the Stormberg Mountains. Two houses stand here,—a hotel, and a trader’s store. Nothing would induce the Dutch landlord to allow Solomon to come into the house. ‘This is a public room, sir; and if I pay for my servant, as for myself, he has a right to come in.’ ‘I don’t care, I will allow no Kaffir in my house.’ This will show the sort of feeling between the Boers and the natives, and to what the British nation subjected many thousands of Africans when they gave up ‘the Sovereignty,’ now the Free State, in 1855. The Lord reigneth. I went out to pray with Solomon in the stables; we especially asked for that patience which the Lord’s servants need as they travel this godless world. A poor Kaffir stable-man was

there. He understood English. I spoke to him of Jesus, and made his heart glad.

Nov. 18.—After an hour's prayer, I awoke my landlord, instead of, as he promised, his awaking me. He got breakfast, and I started at sunrise. Before leaving, Solomon and I prayed with the poor Kaffir, whom we left in tears for the love of the Lord Jesus. I could not help pointing out to Solomon the goodness of the Lord in sending me all the way from England to speak to this poor, despised, and lonely Kaffir in the middle of the Stormberg Mountains, in South Africa. Rode until mid-day, when we came to a hotel, kept by Mr. Parker, an old English sailor of the right stamp. He allowed Solomon to breakfast with me. Gathered a few of our countrymen, a mason, a blacksmith, and a carpenter, to whom I spoke on, '*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.*' Why should we be ashamed of being saved by the Son of God? When we parted, he thanked me for my visit, and would take nothing for the men and beasts he had refreshed. The Lord abundantly reward him! Another four hours' ride, and we reached *Lady Grey*, a little town most picturesquely situated at the foot of the mountains. Here I found a welcome at the house of the Rev. D. Ross, a Scotchman, but a minister of the Dutch Church. He and his wife, a Scotch lady, received me very kindly. *Evening.*—

I preached to a congregation of Hottentots under Mr. Ross’ care. *‘Some have erred, and overthrow the faith of some, nevertheless the foundation of the Lord standeth sure’* (2 Tim. ii. 18, 19).

Nov. 19.—Awoke very weary. But there were *words of power* in my morning psalm (lxxi.): *‘I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more. I will go in the strength of the Lord God, and will make mention of Thy righteousness only.’* Rode until mid-day, when we arrived at the residence of Mr. Hulse, the magistrate of what is called ‘The Reserve,’ near Wittbergen. I was too tired to go half-an-hour farther, to see Mr. Giddy, the missionary. After dinner, Mrs. Hulse kindly proposed that I should rest until Solomon returned from the mission station, where he had taken a horse to be shod. After a most beautiful and picturesque ride of three hours, we reached *Bensonvale*, the mission station of the Lord’s servant A. Brigg. He is one of my companions in prayer, and our meeting was therefore a mutual cause of praise to the Lord.

Nov. 20.—I had heard that my brother Mr. Brigg was very ill, which is why I came by a short cut from Lady Grey, instead of spending a night at Wittbergen. I thanked God that he was much better than I expected to find him. I cannot forbear making the following extracts from my

diary, in reference to our meeting, and to *the blessed power of prayer union to help scattered Christians in their work for the Lord*:—It was a twofold joy thus to meet him. And wherefore so much joy to meet a man I had never seen before? Only those who know the deep, hallowed *communion of spirit that man can enjoy with his fellow-man in prayer* can understand this. Man is not a mere animal, as infidels teach. *He is a spiritual being*; as it is written, 'The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and MAN BECAME A LIVING SOUL.' *Oh, foolish infidels! Go to God's word. See there that you are better than you think yourselves. See there that you have a spiritual being. If you do not think and feel this, it is because you are dead, as the word of God declares you are.* Therefore hear the voice of Christ in His gospel; receive life from Him and live. *Oh, the union of prayer!* How it *unites with a power beyond electricity* the most distant points! Am I, here in Africa, separated from my beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, for whom I pray, in London? No, I am not. Am I separated from Hudson Taylor, Judd, Moule, Valentine, Beschlin, Douglas, in China? No, I am not. Am I separated from Claxton, Dodge, M'Birney, Pearsall Smith, in America? No, I am not. Am I separated from my peripatetic brother Moody, and the sweet singer his companion?

No, I am not. Of these, and many more, I can write, ‘ *Without ceasing, I have remembrance of thee daily*’ in prayer. I meet them in spirit. To them and to all my fellow-Christians I would say, ‘ *Ye also helping together in prayer.*’

This was a day of rest, peace, and communion with the Lord over His word. Spoke, for the first time, to Basuto Christians. My dear brother gathers his elders every Friday, and asked me to speak to them. I told them that I had been privileged to meet believers in the Lord Jesus in many nations, and rejoiced to find believers in Him among the Basuto tribe.

Nov. 21.—A quiet, happy day, as yesterday. Had the happiness of spending the hour of the Prayer Union this Saturday with another brother in the Lord, who had thus joined me in prayer. I could but see the Lord making this delightful arrangement for me.

Nov. 22.—A day to be remembered by me. *Preached the gospel to Basutos. Learnt to-day the difficulty the first missionaries had in preaching to the Kaffirs.* They could not speak Kaffir, therefore they were obliged to find one man who knew English and Dutch, and a second who knew Dutch and Kaffir, for there were none who knew English and Kaffir. Thus their words were translated into Dutch, then into Kaffir. Often the knowledge of

the interpreters was very limited, and great mistakes were made. *Nevertheless Christ was preached, and men who had never heard His name were led from the depths of heathenism to trust in Him. Oh, the matchless wisdom and power of God!* To-day the congregation was half Basuto and half Fingo, Dutch, and English. Hymns were given out to the same metre *in four languages*. Each tongue sang its own hymn, and I was surprised to find that no one language predominated. It was one grand chorus of praise. The chapel built by my dear brother held a very large congregation. I preached in English, Solomon translated into Kaffir, and a Basuto Christian from Kaffir into his own language. Both my interpreters were filled with the same spirit as myself. They not only preached the same words as I did, but spoke them with the same earnestness and action. The Lord gave me His word according to my prayer. My dear brother preached to the Dutch in the afternoon. In the evening I spoke once more to the Fingoes and Basutos. How great a privilege to witness for the Lord!

Thus ended a most blessed day. *A Christian can have no greater joy than to travel on and on over the wide world, and to find that now, in nearly all peoples, nations, and languages, there are those to whom the name of Jesus is most precious. Few*

are permitted this present foretaste of the coming kingdom and glory. Those who are should take care that Christ alone forms the burden of their song,—the joy, the boast, the strength of their daily life. ‘ *Quicken us, O Lord, and we will call upon Thy name.*’

I have been insensibly led to give these notes of my journey to the mission-field of the Church of France. I did not mean to do so. I ask the reader’s pardon.

The Mission-field of the Church of France.

Masitisi, Bethesda, Siloe, Chabena,
Morena, Morija, Hermon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nov. 23.—Thanking the Lord for the rest he had given to me, to my faithful servant, and my horses, and for the kindness of my dear brother and his wife, I bade them farewell. The Lord bless them and their children. In riding through the village my pony trod on a loose stone, and came down on both knees; the Lord held me in the saddle, as he did a few weeks before, when my big horse ‘Charlie’ came down with such force on his head as to bend the bit. I delight to praise His watchful care! A neighbour rode with me to the first drift. The Lord bless our meeting, as also my halt to offsaddle. I saluted a pleasant-looking white man as a brother in Christ. I was told a Christian lived where I should offsaddle. I soon saw that he was not one. ‘I think I have made a mistake.’ ‘So do I,’ he said. ‘But the Lord has made none, my friend. He has sent me to you to tell you of Him and His salvation.’ He kindly gave me a cup of tea. While I drank it I spoke of Him who is Living

Water. When I got to *the right house*, '*I dont know*' was the reply to my query whether I addressed a brother in Christ. Alas ! he confessed that, living among Kaffirs, he became as a heathen. The word of God and family prayer were neglected. The Lord permitted me here to gather four of my fellow-countrymen, and to preach His gospel of forgiveness of sins and eternal life to them. Just as I was leaving, the arrival of a witch-doctor at the store enabled me to preach Jesus to a crowd of Kaffirs.

The scenery was very grand in crossing these spurs of the Drakenberg or Maluti Mountains. Each new view made me lift up my heart in praise. As we came in sight of the mountains of the Orange River, and the spot where *Masitisi* lies was pointed out by the guide, a heavy storm bore down towards it. This warned us to go on. There was, however, a camp of English police at Palmeitfontein, which we were then passing, and I could not pass my fellow-countrymen without speaking to them of the Lord Jesus. I called on the officer, but he was absent on duty. His wife and daughters received me most kindly. Their house sheltered me from the first burst of the storm.

One of the police had seen me at King William's Town, and before I left I had the happiness of speaking to a few of my fellow-countrymen on man's finished redemption. '*As for God, His way*

is perfect. God's way of saving man *is* perfect. *Man cannot help being saved, if he will only believe* in what Christ has done, and lives to do.

'You must ride sharp if you want to get to Masitisi before dark,' said a policeman I met at a drift about a mile from the camp. Thanking him, I reminded him that we live in a dark world, and there is but one Light for man in it. I rode sharp. The storm came over the mountains and quickened our pace, the horses going willingly. On with waterproofs—a gallop, a trot, a gallop, a trot, and we are in sight of Masitisi.

My heart was filled with thankfulness as I looked at the humble cottage which stood below some grand rocks. I had reached the first of the mission stations of the Church of France among the Basuto tribe, and I thanked the Lord. I galloped down the hill, then across what would have been a bog had I ridden slower, and trotted up to the door. '*I thank God, my beloved brother, for having given me what has been long the desire of my heart, to visit the Mission of the French Protestant Church in South Africa.*' Thus I greeted Ernest Creux, the minister of the Lord labouring in this field. '*You are an answer to many prayers,*' was his reply. We at once knelt together and praised the Lord.

Nov. 24 to 27.—Rested with this dear brother and his wife. They came out to South Africa

with M. and Mme. Berthoud, as missionaries from the Church of the Canton de Vaud. This Swiss Church had been a staunch friend to the Mission of the Church of France, and had sent them men and means from time to time. It now desires to send on the gospel beyond Basutoland. The necessities of the sister mission had been overruled by the Lord to detain these brethren awhile, that they might get acclimatized, and learn the language and character of these tribes of Africans. 'He is wise in counsel,' in 'doing wonders.'

I had full opportunity of testifying to the Lord, and His grace and salvation. We had early morning prayer meetings, and meetings each afternoon to enable me to preach the word.

My brother's predecessor, M. Ellenberger, had, with considerable labour and skill, built a house in a cave, and had utilized the rocks and ridges to great advantage. A terrace, shaded by trees which he had planted, commanded a lovely view; and I enjoyed the quiet of this spot for meditation and prayer. Gardens, cattle-kraal, pig-stye, and other necessities of a mission station, were all formed as nature had allowed of them. The wall of the cave had fallen out, and the present mission-house is the old printing office. *It is no waste of time for a missionary to labour with his own hands.* The best missions, and those which have done most for the

African, are those in which the missionaries taught him to make bricks, to build, and to thatch. The more skilful in needful handiwork the servant of the Lord is, the more will he attract the notice and attention of his heathen neighbours, and the more willingly will they listen to his preaching. This should be his desire.

The house of prayer at this station is as unique as the cave. It is simply a roof of thatch built on a foundation. It answers the purpose well. There is a window and door at each end. The seats and pulpit are made of clay. The Lord condescends to give His presence here, and I enjoyed some very happy hours with this church.

The first afternoon I spoke of the Lord Jesus, the Living Water (John iv.); the next, of His assurance that the believer should receive living water from Him, and should outflow living water to others. It was very sweet to speak of the deep, sweet, refreshing streams of grace which, by the Holy Ghost, flow from the Lord Jesus to the believer, and through him to a dying world. At the close of each meeting my dear brother and I invited any who wished to remain and speak with us of the things of Christ. The Christian will see that there is no difference between the spiritual life of the black Basuto of South Africa, in his or her blanket and patched trousers or petticoat, and the

better dressed and more civilised white men and women of Great Britain. The trials in the Christian life of either, as in all nations, are very much alike. They have the same enemies to resist. The world, the flesh, and the devil vary only in external appearance and degree wherever the Stronger than he meets the strong man armed. Wherever *He* does, the victory is certain, though the fight be against desperate odds.

The third day I spoke of the coming and kingdom of the Lord Jesus; and we had a third after-meeting. From notes I made, that I might pray for those who spoke to me, I have gathered the following experiences. Those who remained were, as far as my dear brother and I could judge, deeply moved by the Holy Spirit.

A man who had been cruelly wronged, and had been led by bad advice to avenge himself, confessed his sin, and prayed for grace to forgive his enemy, and restore what he had obtained by law for the wrong done to him.

A mother, whose son wants to be married according to the abominable customs of the heathen (being himself a heathen), prays for grace and guidance. He is violent and rude.

A young girl desires to know more of the love of Jesus.

A mother, whose grown-up son and daughter

come and hear the word—their life moral—prays for their conversion.

A wife, much persecuted for the Lord's sake—a faithful, consistent Christian—prays for conversion of her husband, and for grace to rejoice in her trial. To this dear sister I read verses from 1 Peter i. 4, explaining that her trial was a 'needs-be.'

A wife, who had hopes of her husband, had her clothes torn off her by him on her return from the first meeting. Prays for his conversion.

A brother, not long come in from heathenism, does not see the gospel clearly. Very tired of the struggle. Isa. liii. 6 was put before him. He said, 'I see.'

Young girl feels pride. She was pointed to the Lord Jesus. Confessions of pride, disobedience, and other spiritual sins were made, and grace desired. Many found relief in quiet tears after they had unburdened their hearts. Three remained to give praise for blessing received during my testimony to the grace of the Lord. Nothing can make one feel more assurance in the solemn reality of the deep spiritual truths of the gospel of Christ, than hearing from these sons and daughters of Africa such expressions and spiritual desires as *only God Himself, by His word and Spirit, could have put into their hearts.*

The evenings my dear brother devotes to a school for the shepherd boys,—a most blessed work. These

poor boys are employed all day in herding the cattle. But for evening school, they would get no instruction concerning God. The school was a most interesting sight,—the scholars very quick and willing to learn, and their singing very good. I was glad to speak a few words to try and encourage them to listen to the word of Christ, and to try and learn to read and write.

Nov. 27.—The pillar of the cloud moved on. I had greatly enjoyed this my first visit to the French Mission, and saw a real work of God being carried on in prayer, and faith, and self-denial. Such a work must be blessed. The people gathered as usual for early morning prayer, and I spoke briefly on the unlimited promise in John xv. 7. Joy filled every face. ‘We prayed for your wife and child,’ said an old man with a very bright expression, as he warmly shook my hand in parting. That man was a cannibal when the gospel was brought to the Basutos by the Church of France!

I bade my beloved brother and his dear wife farewell. We had become acquainted for eternity. Yet a little while and we shall meet again in glory!

There had been a long drought in the Transkei, and throughout the country. ‘I hope we shall soon have rain,’ a lady had remarked to me some days before. I replied that I believed that the Lord was holding up the rain until I had crossed the Orange River.

She laughed, and asked when that would be. I told her. My faith was verified. *I crossed the Orange River at about 11 A.M. to-day.* Another hour and it began to rain, and *by night the river was impassable, for the first time this summer!* Whatever infidels may write or think, I believe in prayer, for I always find that my prayers are answered.

We reached the Orange River. 'Where it is narrow it is deep,' said my guide, pointing to where the current ran swiftly. 'Yes; we must cross where the stream is broad.' In he went. Soon the water was well up on the horses. I anticipated a good wetting, for he was not nearly half-way across; but just then the horse got on higher ground, and crossed easily. What a picture of death and the life of glory to come! The infidel tries the narrow and swift current of infidelity, and perishes in its waters. The believer, by grace, takes the higher, broader, calmer stream of God's love in Christ. Whatever may be his fears as he enters the river, he is soon safe and sound in the glory of God.

These were my first thoughts after crossing the Orange River and entering Basutoland. My heart was full of praise. Black clouds gathered ahead, and rain began. What cares the Christian after he has crossed the line which divides the kingdom of Satan and the kingdom of God? I had got the right side of the river, and he has got the right side of that

important dividing line. Black clouds and rain harm us not. We soon passed the cottage of an evangelist, and found him at work in his field. Dismounting, I held my first prayer meeting in Basutoland. An hour's ride, and a stiff climb on foot, brought us to the top of a mountain, beneath which lay BETHESDA, Very, very beautiful was the view. The scenery of Basutoland is remarkable. The mountains and hills are so unique, so diverse, so irregular, so numerous, and yet, withal, so symmetrical and well arranged in their natural beauty by the wisdom of their great Creator, that I felt on entering the country as if I were riding in enchanted ground. I did not lose this delight in the natural beauty of the mountains during my whole ride through this country.

As I neared the mission station, the first of the Church of France in Basutoland on my route, I was struck by the substantial appearance of the buildings, although a large hole in the roof, and a mason repairing one of the gables, told of fair wear and tear. The house was surrounded by a well-built wall,—a rare sight in South Africa. The house, church, wall, and all the buildings were erected by the two hands of M. Gosselin, who was the first of the French missionaries who occupied the station. These, with not a few souls gathered into the Church of Christ, are a grand memorial to that faithful labourer. His body rests in the garden at some distance from the house.

M. Cochet, who had been for 36 years a witness for his Lord in Africa, welcomed me. Whatever delicacy I felt in thus coming to visit a station watched over by one who might be my father in Christ, it was at once removed by his brotherly gentleness and love. His wife, a Scotch lady, who still remembers the old land, made me feel at home. One of the daughters had made the voyage from England with me. We all knelt and praised the Lord for permitting us to meet.

Nov. 28 to 30.—Great was the grace bestowed on my dear elder brother. He gave me an open door for testimony, and did not weary as hour after hour he interpreted for me to the natives, while I endeavoured to impart to them what the Lord had taught me of the unsearchable riches of His grace.

I never enjoyed preaching the word of God more than in this church. My first day I was led to speak of the miracle at Bethesda. On the second,—the Lord's day, as I love to call it,—in the morning, on Heb xi., the faith of Noah, '*warned of things not seen as yet*;' in the afternoon, *the example of the Lord Jesus, who is now the only object of faith given to man by God*,—'*who, instead of the joy set before Him [correct translation], endured the cross, despising the shame.*' On the third day, the gift of the Holy Ghost come down from heaven. *What a glorious truth is this! Here is the power of the true Church,*

—*God the Holy Ghost in very truth dwelling in each believer, and carrying out the gift of salvation in him.* None ought to speak on this subject but those who have had practical experience of its reality in their lives.

The Lord gave me full assurance, during after-meetings which we held each day, that He sent me here, and that I had not spoken but at His word. I praised Him.

In the mason I found an honest Irish sailor, and a humble Christian. The army and navy fraternized as usual. I gave myself a little relaxation on Monday afternoon by making an opening in the wall opposite the front door. It was partly broken. My friend the mason came to my help just as a batch of English letters arrived. One was from an old brother officer, telling me of his conversion. I could hardly believe my senses, although I knew the handwriting well. I fell on my knees and blessed the Lord. This letter filled my soul with joy, and strengthened my faith. Other letters from Canada and England assured me of remembrances in prayer, which the Lord is daily answering.

December 1.—This month last year I left my wife and child for the work of the Lord in this land. What more appropriate expression of my thoughts than ‘*thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ*’ (2 Cor. ii. 14)? Up before the sun

in prayer. My beloved elder brother and his kind wife and family rose for an early breakfast, and having commended ourselves to the Lord, we parted. As I rode away from the house, and turned to look at my dear friends, I could not help remarking the great improvement yesterday afternoon's labour had effected. *Between us*, the mason, Solomon, and I had made a good job of it.

Crossed a mountain, and down to the house of Mr. Austin, magistrate of the district, who had kindly asked me to visit him. It was a lovely ride, the air delicious. I enjoyed my rest in the house of the magistrate and his kind wife. He was having an office built, and I found another sailor who had turned mason. I sought to give him that anchor in life which no storm can drag,—the word of Christ. Poor fellow! he needed it. He told the truth: 'There is no devil worse than inside me.' I told him of One who could cast him out. He had served Satan long, and, like most of his slaves, had suffered for so doing, for he said, 'The greatest devil I ever saw is that cat they keep in the British navy.' I quote these words, as they confirm my experience that *no punishment can reform man*. Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God. He alone can change man. His love converts the heart. I told my friend this, and that He had saved me, and many a soldier and

sailor, from hell and sin. May He have mercy on him !

Having an engagement to preach at an out-station, I was obliged to ride on. The rain had filled the Cornet Spruit River, but happily there was a boat by which we crossed ; the horses were driven in, and swam across. ' I gladly give you sixpence each for bringing us over this river, my friend. But remember that when man comes to the river of Death, there is but one Ferryman to the heavenly shore, the Lord Jesus, and *there is nothing to pay.*' Thus I tried to preach Christ. About three hours more riding and we reached *Mahaliyangi*. Here I found M. Maeder, one of the French missionaries, and his wife, who had ridden over from Siloe, his station, to meet me. Many people had assembled, and we gathered outside the chief's house, where I preached on the gift of eternal life by the Lord Jesus. The Lord's aged servant—for M. Maeder is the oldest missionary in the field—was my interpreter. After the meeting we walked over to a store kept by a retired officer. There was an old soldier there, and, desiring to speak a word concerning the Saviour to him, I asked to be allowed to do so. While dwelling on the exhortation to fight the good fight of faith, I noted that *faith rested on the word of God.* ' *God has no two ways about Him,*'—a favourite expression among soldiers. ' Soldiers

like a commanding officer who has no two ways about him.' The old soldier caught this remark, and interrupted, 'Commanding officers have many ways about them. Don't compare them to God.' He had not understood what I had said, but was quite satisfied with my explanation. The officer understood it well. I trust both will remember God's one only way of salvation for high and low, the Lord Jesus Christ.

We reached Siloe after a good hour's ride. It lies at the foot of a cone-shaped hill. 'My husband went to the top of that mountain during the war with the Boers, and held the flag of peace. They were shooting and killing all round.'

The house, school, and other buildings here were all built by M. Maeder himself,—very neat and simple, but patterns for the native Christians to try and imitate. This many of them have done, to their great comfort, and the improvement of their domestic life.

I was very thankful to rest in this quiet spot.

Dec. 2.—A meeting of the church and people had been arranged, and as there was no room for all in the school, we assembled in the open air. I always enjoy preaching in the open air. The Lord's cathedral is better than any that man has built, and all His monuments are truth. There is no fulsome praise in the mountains. The heavens declare

His glory. I had been much refreshed this morning by meditating on Psalm lxxxiv., my daily portion, and I gave to my African brethren what the Lord had given me :

‘ *Blessed* are they that dwell in Thy house.’

‘ *Blessed* is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart Thy ways.’

‘ *Blessed* is the man that trusteth in Thee.’

God’s house is built on the Lord Jesus. We who believe are built on Him. God dwells in us, and we in God. Blessed is the man who thus dwells in God’s house, whose strength and trust is in Him. After this happy meditation, I asked to have the children gathered, and spoke to them of the Lord.

Siloe was to me as the waters of Siloah, which flow softly, and I was refreshed by the precious water of this word of God. As at Bethesda, so here I was cheered by my intercourse with one who had done many years’ hard service in the African mission-field. I bade him and his kind wife farewell after dinner, and was not sorry to have only two hours’ ride to Thabena Morena. ‘ You can see Thabena Morena in the mountain opposite,’ said my elder brother, and his wife pointed it out to me. Happy is the Christian whose faith is so clear that he can see Mount Zion, the city of the living God, as day by day he journeys towards it! *All would see it, but*

they won't look where God tells them. Christ says, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved,' but they will not look.

As we approached the mountain, the school children met me, and saluted me with hymns. The children at Mahali-yangi had done me the same kindness. They marched back to the station, singing merrily, and I rode with them. They were my 'band.' I was quite content to have changed these children's voices, singing the praises of the Lord, for all 'the pomp and circumstance of war.'

M. Germond, the missionary at Thabena Morena, was away on duty. But I had travelled to Africa with them, and his little boy recognised me as the friend who had given him 'les oranges' on board ship. When we parted at Cape Town, his station in Basutoland seemed so distant, that although I purposed to visit him, I did not like to talk about it; but the Lord had so wonderfully renewed my strength that I had now been able to do so. I found here M. and Mme. Berthoud, the fellow-labourers with M. and Mme. Creux, from the Church of the Canton de Vaud. They were on their way to Masitisi, to arrange for their journey to the regions beyond.

Dec. 3.—M. Germond arrived with his eldest boy after breakfast. They had started early from Morija, six hours' ride, and after his breakfast the boy slept.

When waked for dinner he came in saying, 'Good morning.' He was very sleepy, and forgot his ride, or thought it was yesterday! It was a real pleasure to me to meet my brother Germond in his own station and home. I remained with him two days, and twice preached to his people in a well-built chapel, which he himself had built twice. The first time it was finished except the roof, when a Boer war took place, and the walls, left in that condition, fell in. Length, 53 feet; breadth, 18 feet; height of walls, 12 feet, is a good-sized building for a missionary to erect. May my dear brother have grace to bring in, and build up in it, many living stones on the one only Foundation, Christ Jesus!

The second day I spoke on the glorious truth of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. I always desire to speak on this neglected but most important truth, and to put before the native Christians the proofs given us in the word of God by which we may know whether we have the Holy Ghost or not, —1 Cor. xii. 3; 1 John v. 1; Gal. iv. 6; Rom. viii. 15, 16, and other passages.

A storm came on at sunset, with thunder and lightning. There was every appearance of my being stopped in my journey. I prayed the Lord it might not be so. Awoke at 2 A.M., and the thunder and lightning were very heavy. Nevertheless I knelt up in my bed and prayed, 'Lord

Jesus, Lord of the thunder, and lightning, and rain, I pray Thee drive it away, that I may go on my journey in Thy gospel to-day.' The storm ceased almost instantly. In half-an-hour the moon came out. I got up at 3.30, called Solomon, and prepared to start. The Lord sent 'an exceeding strong wind,' as soon as the storm ceased, to dry the roads. If an infidel asks, Do you suppose this was all in answer to your prayers? I reply, 'Yes.'

Dec. 5.—M. Germond rode with me from his house, where I had been glad to see his family more comfortably settled than in the cabin of a ship at sea. He remarked that the Lord had given me a very unusual day, — clouds on the mountain-tops. After we parted I offsaddled, and then rode on alone. How delightful it is to ride on and on into a picturesque country in which you have never before travelled! What fresh and glorious pictures open before you, one after another! I could not but think how glorious the moment when the redeemed and saved soul bursts into the hidden glories of paradise, or the coming of the Lord shall bring full salvation to His people in the twinkling of an eye!

After about six hours' ride, the turn of a fine mountain, which I had had before me for some time, brought me in sight of Morija. The mission station looked bright, and invitingly homely, set

by the Lord's hand in a beautiful valley, and under a large mountain. The large substantial house of prayer standing in its centre is a testimony that the Lord had owned and blessed the labours of His servants there.

I had now reached the oldest station of the Church of France in South Africa. With what joy I beheld the power and glory of the Lord in the scene before me ! This mission stands alone among missions to the heathen. It is the faithful effort of a long-persecuted and very poor Church, and the Lord has signally guided and blessed it. Here, in Basutoland, in South Africa, I saw with my own eyes the Lord's testimony to the faithfulness of the Church of France. Here was His proof that all the cruel and bloody persecutions of the enemies of His word and truth could not quench the life of that Church. A few of its children were sent out to South Africa. Their number was small, their means less ; yet, by His blessing, they had founded a flourishing church in one of the largest heathen tribes in that land. ' Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,' was the thought of my heart as I rode up towards the school-college, which stands on a height at some distance from the village.

How can I describe the welcome of one whom I had long loved and prayed for, and who had loved and prayed for me, and of others who had loved me

in advance for the Lord's sake? It was, indeed, a joy too deep for words when I met MM. Dyke, Mabilie, and Casalis; and we at once knelt and praised the Lord, praying that all our intercourse might be guided by Him for His glory. Mme. Dyke came into the room, and joined us in prayer.

This institution, which, for brevity, I will call 'college,' is under the direction of M. Dyke. Some twenty-four Basuto young men are here boarded and trained for schoolmasters and catechists. There are thirty-six in the 'lower school' in the village. The system of the Church of France is very good. It employs all the young men it trains *first* as schoolmasters. *When they have been tried in this position and found faithful, if they are so led, they are employed as evangelists.* Thus the sacred character of a preacher of God's word is guarded from contempt. It is impossible to calculate the injury which has been done among the Kaffir tribes bordering on the Colony, by the employment of ignorant and unconverted men as evangelists.

While I was in England, I had met the only son of the dear friend under whose roof I now rested. I had added my advice to the desire of his parents, that he should abandon the prospects of business for the glorious work of preaching the gospel to the heathen, and this he has done. I was therefore doubly welcome. The expectation of a week's rest

of body, and delightful communion of soul, was very soothing, and I thoroughly enjoyed the parental tenderness which supplied my every need.

Here again 'the Prayer Union of South Africa' had introduced me and bound me to the Lord's servants. This evening, for the *third* time in my journey, the Lord brought me, on a Saturday, to the house of one of the few of my brethren who had joined this Union. Oh, the bond of prayer! It is unity of spirit! It is oneness of soul! Can man know closer union with his fellow-man? 'Through Him we both have access in one spirit to the Father.'

Dec. 6.—Lord's Day.—My dear brethren wished me to preach the word of the Lord to the people, and I therefore did so. The church at Morija holds many hundreds. It was quite full. I praised the Lord for permitting me to testify to such an assembly. The Christians in South Africa, at any distance from the towns, seldom hear any but their own missionaries and evangelists. I felt it, therefore, a great privilege thus to testify for the Lord.

In the morning, I was led to preach on our Lord's appearance to John in Patmos, and in the afternoon, on His meeting Saul on his way to Damascus. His Church must believe in Him as thus revealed in His glory, clothed with majesty, and watching over each individual, in whatever

position, or it cannot yield to Him the faithful service He requires.

At the close of the morning service several women remained behind. They were awed by the description of the glory of the Lord Jesus, and the thoughts consequent on the knowledge of His glory. One, a heathen, professed to believe next day.

Between the services I had the happiness of addressing the children. The Lord Jesus and the dear little dead daughter of Jairus was a good subject on which to speak to the dear little children of Basutoland. Some of them He has raised from the dead.

M. Mabilie kindly interpreted for me in the morning, and Dr. Casalis in the afternoon. It was a great help to have as my interpreters two dear friends thorough masters of the language, and who entered in spirit into the truths it was my prayerful desire to set plainly before the people.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was observed at the afternoon service. I greatly enjoyed joining in this most sacred ordinance with these dear French and Basuto brethren. After these services I was much refreshed by singing some of my grandfather's beautiful French hymns. They are so full of deep, glorious, Scripture truth, that I never sing them without being cheered up. Often

and often as a soldier, when weary, or suffering for the Lord's sake, I have paced up and down my quarters singing these hymns, until every cloud has been dissipated by their bright, clear truth and Christian faith.

7th to 10th.—These were happy days at Morija. On Monday morning I preached at a general service on the Lord Jesus and His words, '*I am the light of the world.*' The next service was to Christians only. '*Ye are the light of the world.*' *Lighthouses have no light in them but what is put in; neither has man.* It is only when Christ has by grace shone into his soul that he can shed any light for God on this dark world. How long it takes some Christians to learn this! They think that natural talent and college training give light to the soul. Happy are they when they can sever the mental from the spiritual, and know that man may possess any amount of human wisdom, and yet be in utter darkness towards God. *Christ is the wisdom of God.* God knows no other. *The wisdom of this world is foolishness with Him.* *Unless man has Christ in his soul, he is entirely in the dark, and knoweth not whither he goeth.*

Afternoon.—I spoke to the schoolmasters and evangelists on 2 Cor. iii.—*God, who all-suffices those whom He calls by grace to be His ministers or servants of the new covenant.* It is a sweet and most pro-

fitable subject, on which those who serve the Lord cannot meditate too often.

On Tuesday I enjoyed a long conversation on the prospects of mission work in the interior with M. Mabile, whose whole heart and soul, like mine, is filled with a burning desire to see the gospel carried on and on until it reaches the tribes under the equator. How glorious such converse with one who knows what he is talking about! As I purpose to make some remarks on the prospects of mission work in South Africa in the closing chapter, I will not give these notes here. We prayed before we began to talk about the Lord's kingdom, and when we ended, and I have no doubt that some blessing will follow.

On Tuesday and Wednesday I had the happiness of joining with my dear friends and their families in the study of the word. M. Preen is associated with MM. Dyke and Mabile and Dr. Casalis in the work of the college, and he and his wife shared with us in all our meetings. We took the epistle of Jude, and found in it much-needed exhortation, warning, comfort, and hope.

Dec. 10.—As I wished to visit Hermon, a station at some little distance from Morija, and as my work of late had somewhat tired me, Dr. Casalis kindly drove me over there in the afternoon. He took some wood, so that when we 'outspanned'—

took out the horses—we might have a cup of tea. While he made the fire I went for water. Apparently there was none but very dark, stagnant water, albeit fresh from recent rain; but I wanted *living water*, clear as crystal. Of this there was no sign, but I went on, and faith had its reward. I found a little stream of running water, and filled my kettle. *Christian, never be satisfied to be filled with muddy truth: go to the Living Stream, Christ, and fill yourself with Him.* This is the lesson I learned.

We reached Hermon at sunset, and were welcomed by M. and Mme. Ellenberger. This station was founded by M. Dyke; and the house he built with his own hands, and in which his wife and family lived for many years, yet stands. It is a very small house, of two rooms; and yet, as he said, it was a palace then to him. Two houses of prayer, yet standing, are his memorials. The one was too small before it was well finished for the congregation with which the Lord filled it, so the second had to be built.

Dec. 11.—The largest of the buildings was crammed in the morning, when, with my dear friend Dr. Casalis for my interpreter, I preached on the Lord's manifestation of Himself to Cornelius *by the word which He sent by Peter.* He *could* use any means. The angel could have told Cornelius what Peter did. But such is not the Lord's will. He chooses to use

man filled with His own Spirit. When His word is believed, the Holy Ghost seals forgiveness. A few words to the children, on 'If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out,' and then I spoke to the Christians on union with the Lord Jesus Christ. In the evening I went to the village, and amongst others visited the headman, who, on account of pride and some supposed slight from the ministers, will not join the church. I pointed out to him the wrong he was thus doing his own soul and the cause of the Lord.

Dec. 12.—I had said good-bye to my brother Ellenberger, his dear wife and children, before I went to bed. It would otherwise have been wrong to have gone off before sunrise, while all were asleep. However, Dr. Casalis and I preferred marching early, so we left 'without beat of drum.' We outspanned, had our tea and our morning prayer, and then drove on quietly to Morija.

In the afternoon the school children were invited by me, on behalf of three very precious little Scotch children, whose zeal and interest in mission work in Africa, especially that which the Lord has committed to me, is beyond all praise. About 160 children marched up from the village, with flags, singing hymns. It was a very pretty sight. When they were seated in the school, I read them the letter from their little Scotch friends, by whom they were

thus invited to partake of cake and coffee. The following is an extract :—‘ Dear Major Malan,—This is a letter from all of us, only mamma is writing it for us. We have gathered such a lot of money in baby’s money-box for you to put into your pocket and give to little children; and tell them that we think about them in Scotland, and talk about them, and want them to have a happy Christmas, and to know a great deal about the Lord Jesus.’

This precious letter I received just as I was starting for Basutoland; and as in the winter of 1872-3 some hundreds of poor children were feasted in London by money sent to them by children from Basutoland, I thought it only just that the Basuto children should receive part of the money sent to me for children in South Africa. The feast cost me only £1, thanks to the kindness of the ladies who prepared it. We all enjoyed it very much, especially the children. The Lord reward the precious three in Scotland who think of the children in Africa !

The evening was spent in prayer.

Dec. 13.—Lord’s Day.—Preached, morning, on what is to my mind one of the most delightful subjects for human consideration,—that the salvation of the believer stands in the will of God. How clearly this grand truth stands out in God’s word ! Man may call it by what name he likes, it is a truth

which cannot be shaken except by unbelief. '*Saved by His own purpose, given us in Christ Jesus before the world began*' (2 Tim. i. 9). This, and Christ's words, '*They shall never perish, neither shall any take them out of my hand,*' are enough for me. Afternoon, I spoke to the children. A prayer meeting for the Lord's blessing on my farther journey followed. Evening, I spoke to the students at the college, as last Lord's day, on the faith and obedience of Daniel and his friends.

Dec. 14.—Enjoyed another converse with my dear brother Mabile and his wife on mission work. Nothing rejoices my soul more than meeting with those who are in earnest for the spread of the name and fame of the Lord Jesus on earth. Dined with them. Had our last Bible reading with the other brethren and their wives. We finished the Epistle of Jude, *rejoicing in Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us blameless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.* In the evening I spoke to the young men of the college on Dan. xii. 3.

Dec. 15.—My happy visit to Morija had come to its close. I have not been able to express the joy and pleasure I experienced in communion with these servants of the Lord. But He knows; and they, I am sure, believe how thoroughly I delighted in their society. Had breakfast with dear M. Preen and his

wife. He served for some years in the artillery. A Christian in the French army is treated rather worse than a Christian in our army. There was in Strasburg, in 1865, a Christian woman who did all she could to draw soldiers to thoughtful, godly lives. This, of course, was opposed by the priests. A garrison order made it fifteen days' imprisonment for any soldier to go to her house. This same, or the next year, an officer of our army was reprimanded in general orders, in Canada, for writing to the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec, with the sanction of his colonel, and requesting that he might be allowed to teach the little children of his own regiment, who were entirely neglected! How sad it is to see men holding high positions of authority lowering themselves to such petty persecutions to please the priests. Preen paid no attention to an order so absurd, and the consequence was his conversion to God, under the teaching of this holy woman, who is the mother in the faith of many French soldiers.

After breakfast I rode up with my dear brother Mabile to visit the caves and dens in the mountain above Morija, in which, *for more than three years, upwards of three hundred Christians were preserved by the Lord during the war with the Boers, 1865-68.* About eight hundred souls altogether found shelter here. When the war broke out, the churches of Morija, Hermon, and Beersheba took refuge here.

Morning and evening they prayed and sang praises. Their enemies heard them, and fired, but no cannon ball could harm them! *Philemon, the schoolmaster of Morija, was raised up by the Lord to be the pastor of the churches in the dens. He was not appointed by any missionary. For three years he watched over this large congregation. Having nothing to do in these rocks, there was much preaching and prayer. The order of a chief moved some of the Christians to another mountain; even then Philemon looked after them. At the end of the war all the churches were increased, and a revival took place, which lasted for two years! Philemon brought 100 converts to the missionary at the close of the war, and there were 436 candidates for admission to the church of Morija! So mightily grew the word of God. After the war, famine and then typhus fever tried the church of Morija. Philemon devoted himself to attending the sick and dying. He took the disease. When asked whether he would like to go to the Lord, he said, 'Yes, very much.' He was then asked whether he would like to remain and work for the Lord. His eyes brightened, and he said, 'Yes, very much.' He soon became unconscious. Shortly before he breathed his last, he signed for the whistle, with which for three years he had called the churches in the dens to prayer and praise, and tried to sound it once more. It is very painful to add, but should be added as a warning to*

the weaker sex, that no Basuto woman would marry Philemon, because he was ugly! What a husband they lost! What a place in glory any woman might have gained by being a faithful helpmeet to such a faithful servant of God! After the war he married, but not happily. MM. Mabile, Maitin, and du Voisin remained in the country during this war, the other missionaries being all compelled to leave by the Boers. They visited their scattered churches. Services were held, while look-outs watched the various approaches. The Lord provided and protected His servants wonderfully. One of the children once remarked to its mother, *apropos* of their supply of flour for bread, '*Mother, I think God always hears us when we scrape the bottom of the barrel.*'

A climb through these caves and dens was a great pleasure to me. The bones of animals, ashes, grinding-stones, bits of earthen vessels, were so many monuments of the Lord's gracious care of His children. The rocks were magnificent. A Dutchman's cannon ball would be much like a pea against them! On the top of one of the rocks we sat, while I read the closing verses of Heb. xi., and then praised the Lord for His mighty deliverance of His people in these dens.

The hour of farewell came. Commending each other to the Lord, I said good-bye to my dear friends

M. and Mme. Dyke, and to dear M. Preen and his wife, and the young men of the college, and then went down to the station, to the homes of M. Mabilie and Dr. Casalis. My dear brother Mabilie asked me to visit Letsie, a son of Moshesh, on my way to Thaba-Bosio, and offered to be my guide. Entreating the Lord's blessing on the children of the two families and their parents, I rode away from Morija.

We found Letsie at home. His kraal is built under a magnificent kloof in the Morija mountain. He is a heathen, who has long resisted the word of God. After conversation I read to him Luke xiv. 31. Every sinner thinks himself a king, and that he has strength equal to ten thousand ; but *can he meet God, who is coming against him with twenty thousand ?* If not, he had better take God's conditions of peace in Christ. Only the Lord can bring home His word. This I never forget.

My dear brother rode with me to the mountain, under which Solomon my guide and Solomon my groom had offsaddled. Here we had to part, for a heavy storm threatened, and it was late in the afternoon. The Lord wonderfully shielded me. Twice the storm came down the mountain close to me, and was driven back. The very streams seemed held back. We reached Thaba-Bosio soon after dark. It was once the residence of Moshesh, chief of the

Basutos, and is still dear to his people because of its association with his name. M. and Mme. Jousse received me most kindly. I found in their home two young ladies with whom I had travelled from England; and the third, in charge of the girls' boarding school, was the eldest daughter of dear M. Cochet.

Thaba = Bosio. — Moshesb, Chief of the
Basutos. — His Conversion. — Herea to
Mabulela.

CHAPTER IX.

THIS place was the capital of Basutoland. ‘*Moshesh’s Mountain*’ will be a celebrated spot while this tribe lasts. I will therefore refer to his life and character, as there was much in both worthy of record. Moshesh’s early history, up to the time that he invited the ministers of the Church of France among his people, has been already given. He was simply a young African chief, brave, daring, and ambitious. As he grew up, however, and especially from the time he received the missionaries, his mind developed, and he certainly became, from all accounts, one of the most remarkable public characters of the present century. I wish to write guardedly. I am not an extoller of heathen darkness. Heathenism is diabolical in all its details. Those who paint the mild savage, the innocent native of Africa, are ignorant men. But Moshesh, albeit he never confessed himself a Christian until the last few days of his life, was in all that makes up human greatness a great chief. He was a prince

in every sense of the word. I am relieved of the responsibility of further remark on this point. Mr. Orpen, a British magistrate, who understands the African character, and knew Moshesh well, thus sketches him : ‘ *The most original, able, enlightened, and upright barbarian chief that South Africa has ever beheld.* His humanity, his mildness, his love of peace and justice, his horror of war, are conspicuous on every occasion ; his forbearance under extreme provocation, his steadfast fidelity and devotion through evil report and good, his patience under false suspicions and accusations, his magnanimity and generosity,—the possession of these and many more good qualities would almost lead us to believe that our faithful and long-suffering “ ally,” as he calls himself, was a Christian.’ Side by side with this opinion I would put that of Sir George Cathcart, to whose acquaintance with Moshesh I must presently refer. He alone of all the public men who met Moshesh at once appreciated his character. Thus he wrote of him after the battle of Berea : ‘ Another advantage I gained was in the acquaintance with the chief Moshesh, whom I found *not only to be the most enlightened, but the most upright chief in South Africa, and one in whose good faith I put the most perfect confidence, and for whom, therefore, I have a sincere respect and regard.*’

I will leave Moshesh’s character in the hands of

Sir George Cathcart and Mr. Orpen. I have thus recorded it to show that all African chiefs, especially those who may have come under the influence of the word of God, are not the senseless and degraded beings they are too often supposed to be by those who do not know that God has made of one blood all nations of men, and that He therefore has His noblemen in all nations and classes. Moshesh from the first paid great attention to the preaching of God's word. When the preaching was over, he would repeat the whole sermon, point by point, and explain it to those of his people who had not understood it. Thus he no doubt received into his heart much of the truth of the word of God, which, unknown to himself, elevated and moulded his character. He was very magnanimous. Attacked in his mountain at Thaba-Bosio by a powerful tribe, whom he defeated with loss, he sent oxen after them when they retreated, and would not allow them to be pursued: 'I suppose it was hunger which made you attack me. Here is food.' His next war was with the British, in 1852. Sir George Cathcart, misled as to Moshesh's real character and intentions, led a force of British troops into Basutoland in December that year. He demanded 10,000 head of cattle, as a fine for some marauding which Moshesh's people were said to have committed. Moshesh, who was most anxious

to keep on good terms with the English, at once sent to collect as many cattle as he could. The following is the account given me by Moshesh's messenger to Sir George Cathcart, then a brave Basuto warrior, now a very faithful and earnest Christian :--' I took the cattle to Platberg on Saturday—6000 head. It was such an immense herd that we thought it must be enough. We could not count well. Sir George Cathcart was very angry. He sent for me and for Moshesh's sons. Sir George Cathcart said there were only 4000 cattle. We begged three days' respite, assuring him that Moshesh would give all the cattle demanded, but we required time to collect so many cattle. Sir George Cathcart said: "It was not for a great chief like him to wait. He would advance his camp to the Caledon on the morrow, and Monday at daybreak he would go and take the cattle." The Basuto deputies were much distressed. "Owen [he appears to have been a Christian on Sir George's staff] called us, told us to fear not, to trust in God, and to go and get as many cattle as we could. He gave us food, and then led us out of the camp." The narrator went to Moshesh, who was greatly troubled.' Here I will take up his narrative in the third person. Sir George Cathcart moved his camp on Sunday. One of the French missionaries went to him that day, with another messenger from Moshesh, to beg time to

collect cattle. In vain. On Monday morning early the British army advanced in two divisions,—one under Colonel Eyre, commanding 73d Regiment, the other under Sir George Cathcart. A squadron of lancers accompanied Colonel Eyre's force. His description of what took place with Colonel Eyre's force on the top of the mountain is most interesting, but this book is no record for such events. Suffice it to say that the cavalry, which was broken up into two parties, was beaten, being overridden by the swarms of Basuto horsemen. The British infantry, ably commanded, was manœuvred across the mountain in the face of masses of Basutos. Colonel Eyre joined Sir George Cathcart just as he was forced to retire. He retired in square, with captured cattle in the centre. The Basutos pressed him on all sides until darkness separated the combatants. The Basutos under Moshesh's sons had planned a night attack, in which the worn-out British soldiers must have been overcome by the hosts of their foes, when an order from Moshesh forbade any more fighting. Next morning the following message was sent by Moshesh to Sir George Cathcart. Could any statesman in Europe have framed a more pithy despatch? Would any conqueror in Europe have so treated an enemy? *'O my master, I am still your man; I am still the child of the Queen! Sometimes a man beats his dog, and the dog puts his teeth into his*

hand and gives him a bite ; nevertheless the dog loves the master, and the master loves the dog, and will not kill it. I am ashamed of what happened yesterday. Let it be forgotten.' Peace was made. The British force retired, having lost two officers and between thirty and forty men killed, besides wounded. This sad loss would have been avoided had Moshesh's real character and the honesty of his intentions towards the British nation been known by Sir George Cathcart.

His next war was in 1858. The Boers invaded Basutoland, and besieged Moshesh. He attacked them and drove them away. In the war which commenced in 1865, and lasted three years, the Boers engaged a number of English adventurers from the Colony, and by their means beat the Basutos. They would have got the whole of Basutoland from Moshesh, but his great seal was in the hands of his friends the French missionaries, who, knowing what he wanted to do with it, would not give it up, until notice was received from the British Government that it had taken the Basuto tribe under its protection.

This ends Moshesh's political career. He was an old man in this last war. His sons were divided by jealousy, and thus the enemy obtained an easy victory. *Let us now turn to the closing scenes of this remarkable life.* I have obtained them from those who took part in them.

Moshesh was ill for some months before he died. His missionaries visited him frequently. 'In 1869,' writes one of them, 'I visited him alone, and begged a private interview. I spoke to him as one soon to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and reminded him of the faithfulness of his missionaries, who, although he was a chief, had never hidden the truth from him, but had told him repeatedly that he was a sinner, and could only be saved by the blood of Christ. He wept bitterly all the time, repeating frequently: "I know it. It is all true. What am I to do? What is it that still holds me back?" We prayed together, and he begged of me to ask his missionaries never to give up praying for him. "Perhaps the Lord may still hear you," he said. I told him never to forget, even in his last moments, that the blood of Christ alone saves from sin. In 1870 we again visited him. The gospel was preached in his room. He asked for a prayer which he might use when we were gone. I explained that it was impossible to write a prayer to suit all his needs, and suggested the publican's prayer. He got angry, and said: "Who ever told you that I was a sinner? I shall get to heaven as well as you." We told him we hoped so, but the way was Jesus, and there was no other. After leaving his room one of his councillors ran after us, and said: "Do you know what I think of Moshesh?

He has got the *Spirit* [the term used by the natives to express conviction of sin], but he is afraid to let people know." A few weeks after this a messenger from the missionary of Thaba-Bosio called us, saying that Moshesh was dying, and wished to see his missionaries. To one of them he said: "I hear that your wife has a baby. How old is it?" "Three months old." "Then," said the chief, "*he is just my age. I have only just been born. It is only now I begin to be a man.*" He asked this missionary if he really believed that *all* that the missionaries had taught him was true. He said, "Yes." "*I believe so also,*" said Moshesh. He then asked to see this missionary's wife and her child. On entering the room she held out the child to him. He looked at it for a moment, his eyes full of tears. "My child," he said to her, "your baby is my age, he is my thaka" (one of the same age); then pressing her hand, "*You have shown me the road. I shall get to Jesus.*" One night before this he repeated, in great anguish, "Where am I going to?" After this night he appeared to take no more interest in earthly things. His desire was to go to his Father. "*When a child is called by its father, ought it not to go?*" were his words of faith and hope.

'The day before his death he sent us a message. "Tell them they will be too late." His missionaries were to unite to witness his baptism on Sunday, but

he was called away on Friday. To the missionary's wife above referred to he sent this message: "*Tell my little girl and my son-in-law [her husband] not to be anxious about me, but to trust a great deal. They showed me the way, and I go to Jesus.*" His last instructions were: "*Let my missionaries not weary to teach my people, and especially my sons. Although I know that my sons will not treat them as I did, for all that let them not give them up.* Kiss also that little child Thaka Moshesh; may he grow up to be a great blessing to my people." A moment before he breathed his last, he said, "*Hold me up, that I may fly.*"

I trust that the perusal of this simple and truthful account of the last days of this African chief will cheer and encourage many a servant of the Lord Jesus not to be weary in seeking to win souls to Him, knowing that '*in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.*' I cannot close the history of the life of this most remarkable man in better words than in hers whom Moshesh so tenderly called his little girl: '*May the Lord make use of this narrative to prove once more that what is impossible with man is possible with God, and that the hearts of kings and even of old heathen chiefs are in His hands.*'

Dec. 16, 1874.—Awoke cast down, by reason of my unprofitableness. But, as is my wont, went

out to look at God's works and meditate on Him. Before me rose Moshesh's Mountain. I sat on a stone in the garden, at my feet a bed of chrysanthemums of many colours. The Lord spoke to me by them. He had made them—all of one kind, though diverse in colour and size. So in His Church, various graces and degrees of grace. I marvelled which I liked best,—scarlet, pink, yellow, white. All were beautiful. Which grace would I have if the Lord gave me my choice,—faith, wisdom, knowledge, courage? After much thought I chose the white—humility. 'Yea, Lord, give me this grace, to be humble, to be like Thee, to be content to be white in Thy holiness, and nothing more. Thou wilt serve Thyself by me.' My soul was instantly filled with joy. The cloud vanished, and has not since returned.

This brief trial was followed by a day of much joy. The elders and teachers had been at Morija while I was preaching on the first Lord's day, and the people were all waiting to welcome me. The large church, which must hold a thousand or more, was crammed, and many could not find room. The Lord gave me as His message to them, His kingdom now, in spirit and power, in the hearts of men, drawn to Him by the love of God, but soon to be in glory for ever. As I spoke, it seemed as if the place was filled with His glory. At the close of

the preaching two of Moshesh's sons came to salute me. Both had professed faith in the Lord Jesus, both had turned back. I spoke to them earnestly, reading to them, as I always do to apostates and undecided hearers, that awful declaration, that the cowards (fearful) and unbelieving will share the lake of fire with the abominable and all liars (Rev. xxi. 8).

My dear brother M. Jousse had arranged that I might meet the Christians alone, and I enjoyed another meeting with them in the afternoon. There was a goodly assembly. After parting with them, I walked with my brother to the river. We lay on a rock over the stream, and talked of God. The music of the waters was sweet, but sweeter were some English hymns of praise which the girls of the Basuto boarding-school sang by the river-side, just above us. As we were walking back, my brother pointed out to me a large rock, as it were held up, in the middle of a regular mountain slide, and under it a Kaffir hut. 'An old Christian widow lived in that hut,' he said, 'and had not that piece of rock been stopped in its fall, it would have crushed her in her hut.' There was apparently nothing to stay its descent, but He who beats back the sea by grains of sand is not at a loss for means in nature as in grace. When trials threaten, remember 'the widow's rock' in Basutoland.

In the evening we went over to the girls' boarding-school, which is under the care of Mdlle. Cochet. My heart always goes out to the young women of heathen nations who are seeking the Lord. They must have many trials. I trust the Lord gave them some help through the word He gave me for them.

Dec. 17.—In the morning spoke with the candidates for joining the church on James ii.—faith is proved by works. After this I spoke to the school. I then had the pleasure of calling on a daughter of M. Lemue, whose labours have been noticed in this book, but are far more fully recorded above. In the afternoon M. Jousse proposed a ride to the top of Moshesh's Mountain. We had to lead our horses up the steep ascent, composed of bits of rock. I was not surprised that only five men gained the summit when the Boers tried to take the mountain. I regret to write that all were killed, for I look on a soldier's courage *now* as worthy of a better use and better reward than battle and vainglory afford. After passing Moshesh's house we met four of his sons and some people, whom I urged to follow Moshesh's faith and life. Another of his sons now joined us, and after prayer that the Lord of Moshesh would cause His gospel to spread far and wide in Basutoland, we rode round part of the mountain. My brother led me to a grave covered with stones. At the head, on a rough

stone, simply carved, was, '*Moshesh.*' I looked at that name with reverence, and at once this text came into my mind as his fitting epitaph, '*Thy gentleness hath made me great.*' I need add no more. His son pointed out to me, as we were riding back, the ground over which the British army retreated before the Basutos in 1852. My soldier's eye pictured the whole scene; and I could not but honour the self-possession and wisdom of his great father, who, watching the defeat of his enemies from the door of his own house, stayed his hand in the moment of victory, and asked for peace.

Visited the evening school for the herd-boys, and again delighted in the success of these Basuto evening schools. Spoke a few words to the boys, and then went for a parting visit to the girls' boarding-school. I had inspected the premises of the institution during the day, and admired their simplicity and cleanliness.

Dec. 18.—Bade farewell to this charming spot. I could have remained gladly, but the Master's work did not permit. I had now the pleasure of escorting Mdle. Keck, a daughter of one of the brethren I had yet to visit. We ascended the Berea Mountain, and crossed part of the battlefield. I have hard work to hold in my pen, but it must be done. A warm welcome awaited us from M. and Mme. Maitin and M. and Mme. du Voisin, the Lord's

servants at the mission-station of *Berea*. Mme. Maitin and I had a mutual friend in one of my grandfather's children in the faith, and this made our meeting in Africa all the more pleasant.

The residence of Mr. Griffiths, the British Commissioner, being about two hours' ride from Berea, and the word of the Lord commanding 'honour to whom honour,' I rode over to Maseru with M. du Voisin to pay my respects. Mr. Griffiths was away, but I had the pleasure of meeting his wife and children. It is due to him to state that he bears the reputation of a wise and good governor, which I believe he deserves. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my deep regret that he has invited the Anglicans into Basutoland; and I can foresee much injury to the cause of peace and to the work of the Lord in the Basuto tribe by the introduction of Ritualism, and a religious system, favoured by Government, which denies the spiritual authority of the ministers of the Church of France. I told my French brethren that they ought to have selected the one of their number who they thought would have been most acceptable as a neighbour and friend to Mr. Griffiths and his family, and to have established a station at Maseru. They appeared to think that Mr. Griffiths would not have approved of such an arrangement. The Lord knoweth. The Lord reigneth.

Rode back to Berea with the setting sun, admiring a magnificent entrance to one of the Lord's parks,—a perpendicular break in the mountain along our road.

Dec. 19.—My elder brother, M. Maitin, had arranged a meeting of his church in preparation for the commemoration of the Lord's death next day. It was joy to speak to the church from the word of God. It was a solemn meeting. Afterwards my brother introduced to me Isaiah, a Basuto evangelist, who had carried the gospel to the regions beyond, and had been much blessed by the Lord. I purpose to give a history of his labours in the closing chapter. It was late before our native brethren departed. I enjoyed the quiet of the remainder of this day.

Dec. 20.—Lord's Day.—There was no room in the house of prayer for the number who came to the morning service. It was a lovely day, and we assembled outside. Before commencing, I looked at the mountain to my right. There were the rocks down which the lancers fled, defeated and broken. I could see it all. Farther on was the road by which the British infantry ascended the mountain. I could see the scarlet line slowly moving on, and the puffs of white smoke which told that battle had begun! My soul was too full to praise the Lord. Blessed be His name that I was not this day an

officer commanding a British army making war on the Basutos, but a humble witness for Him, standing in love among them. It gave keenness to my joy in preaching to them on John vi.: 'Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.' *He is all man needs, and the soul that feeds on the fact that His body was broken, His blood shed for its sins, and receives Him now on the throne of God as its Saviour, has life.*

We remembered His love in the afternoon in a very full church. A most blessed scene! In the evening I spoke to the school, and read them the letter I read to the Morija children, as the Berea children had been 'more noble' than all the others in helping the poor London children. I therefore promised them a feast on Christmas day, which they duly enjoyed.

Dec. 21.—Farewell once more, but to meet, thank God, again. Putting my companion on a very good pony of my own, we started for her home at Mabu-lala. We had to cross the Caledon river, and I shall not forget the bad behaviour of that same pony on this occasion. 'Patience worketh experience.' The horses were led through, and my friend and I crossed in a boat. While offsaddled, we called on the boatman and his wife, and read the word to them. The Lord sent a carriage behind us soon after my friend told me that she was tired. I felt sure it was for her, but I had not faith to stop

and ask a lift for her, as there were two roads, and the owner might not be going ours. However he soon passed us, and I asked him if he were going near M. Keck's house. He said, 'Yes;' and I had the pleasure of seeing my companion going on comfortably to her home in a carriage and pair. Good is the Lord.

I was, of course, doubly welcome for bringing back a daughter to M. and Mme. Keck. The school children came to welcome me, and sang hymns; and I joined with the church in their evening prayer meeting.

Mabulela, Cana, etc.

CHAPTER X.

DEC. 22.—A year ago to-day I left my dear wife and child in London. *The Lord has fully performed all the promises of His word to those who leave wife, child, and lands for His sake and the gospel's, and that exceeding abundantly above all I asked or thought.* I need not write more about His grace and power; these can be experienced by any who will believe in and trust Him. I enjoyed a meeting morning and evening with the church at Mabulela, and also speaking in the afternoon to the children. It ought to be noticed that this mission is in that part of Basutoland which was taken by the Boers in the war of 1865, and is therefore now in the Free State. The Boer Government permitted M. Keck and the Basuto church to remain, and granted a tract of land to support the mission.

In remembering the incidents of a day, how precious are the utterances of children about God and heaven! One of my dear brother's little girls is blind. She would come and talk to me in French,

and remark on the hymns her sisters sang. After one about heaven, she said to me, with a sweet smile, 'Joli, n'est ce pas? nous serons tous blancs dans le ciel.' (Beautiful, is it not? we shall be all white in heaven.)

Dec. 23.—Joined in the morning prayer meeting, and then started from this pleasant home in rain. There is something damping in a heavy drizzle, and I was reminded thereby of my sadness when embarking at Dartmouth this day year. But my soul was at once filled with praise to the Lord for His mercies since then, and with confidence for the future. The heavy rain yesterday had filled the Caledon, and we had to swim the horses over. After crossing in the boat, a trader invited me into his house, and thus I was sheltered from a heavy storm. Having partaken of his food, and broken to him the bread of life, I rode on. A station of English police demanded a call. Among them I found one of my old soldiers. The officers in charge were very kind to me, and allowed me to visit and speak to the men. I have seldom enjoyed anything more than preaching to those British policemen in that hut barrack in Africa. It quite made up for a ride in the rain to *Cana*, which I reached just as darkness came on, and where I found an old friend in Mme. Kohler, and a new one in her husband. They had not quite finished their first house, but the roof

was on, and one learns in Africa to value a good roof on a wet night above a Turkey carpet.

Dec. 24.—*Cana* is a new station, and my brother Kohler had had a year's experience alone, without wife or friend, in the midst of a heathen population. I purpose to remark on this subject by and by. The morning was clear, and four or five persons sat under the shelter of a reed screen while my brother conducted morning prayer. There was another meeting later, to which about twenty or thirty came, when I preached Christ to the heathen, and to the few who believed in Him. There is something which speaks to the heart of a Christian in such circumstances as these. '*Who hath despised the day of small things?*' What believer in the Lord Jesus, *taught of Him*, would not as soon sit down and declare His grace to two or three Basutos as to a congregation in Westminster Abbey? How great the honour to do any little service for Him!

I was much amused after the service by a tall heathen, who came tempting me. 'I am very hungry; I want food.' As he began to speak, I felt, as I always feel when any heathen comes to me unless to speak of his soul, that he is sent of Satan, and, like a snail into its shell, I retire into the word and prayer. 'Did you not eat before you started?' 'No.' 'In my country, when we go out for a day, we carry or buy food. Did you bring none?' 'No.' 'I

cannot ask the missionary for food, because you ought to give him food, and not he to you.' 'I'm very hungry.' 'Have you no friends near?' 'No.' 'Will none of your countrymen give you food?' 'No.' This I knew was a lie, for food and hospitality are a right among the Kaffir tribes. 'Well, God's word commands that they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel. I will read this to you. It means that you should give food to your missionary, not beg food of him. I have no food, or I would give it to you, but I cannot ask your missionary for any for you.' The man burst out laughing, and so did those around. 'I only did this to see what you would say.' 'I answered you according to God's word.' 'Yes, I know you did;' and then he added, 'How can so young a man as you are know God's word?' 'Because I read it.' 'Could I learn it?' I told him he could; and after urging him not to despise the salvation of Christ, we parted. I felt very thankful for the lesson he had taught me.

Gladly would I have remained with my dear brother and his wife for some days, but I had been asked to spend Christmas day with M. and Mme. Coillard at Leribe. I had promised to be with them, if possible, to-day; and having by the Lord's goodness kept all my arrangements during this ride, I felt it right to go on. With deep sympathy for my dear brother and his young bride in their work of the

Lord, I bade them farewell, and then called on an old Hottentot woman, confined to the house by age. A few words about the Lord Jesus caused her to burst out into a hymn of praise, which she sang with the tears fast rolling down her eyes. Receiving her blessing for my journey, I rode on. In less than an hour we came to the Puteasana, a small river, which we were obliged to swim on horseback, as the rains of yesterday and last night had filled it. My three horses proved to be capital swimmers, for which I praised the Lord. There was some necessary delay in crossing, which brought us, after a pleasant ride, just at sunset, to a kraal on the Tsiquaui, where my guide suggested we should sleep. Mathias, the schoolmaster, received us kindly, but he was sorely perplexed at our unexpected arrival. However, we soon assured him that we were thankful for a night's shelter, and were easily pleased. Solomon suggested the manufacture of some isitubi—crushed mealies and milk—which was excellent. There was a lovely moon; and while my native brethren were chatting away after the evening prayer, I sat outside, thinking of the shepherds of Bethlehem and their angel visitors. My Basuto brother had lent me a new red blanket. The evening was chilly, so I wrapped myself in it; and as the scarlet shone in the moonlight, I felt myself as good as a cardinal, and as much better as Christ is better than Rome. 'Not I,

but Christ liveth in me.' This should be the Christian's life.

Dec. 25.—Christmas Day.—A lovely morning. Praising Him who was born man for man's sake, I strolled forth to enjoy His works. My path led me down a stream, where, in a bed of sand icebergs, stalactites, and other effects of rain, I enjoyed a bathe under a waterfall. Solomon had prepared more isitubi for breakfast, and when this was over we gathered in the outer court of one of the huts to praise the Lord. I had invited the people from neighbouring kraals, and about twenty-five gathered. One of the elders prayed and gave out the hymns. I spoke on the angels' message to the shepherds of Bethlehem. During the service a good swimmer arrived. He said the river before us was very full, but he had come to help me through it. I felt the care of the Lord in this, and we rode on. We soon reached the Tlotse, and, following my guide, who was on horseback, I swam the river on my faithful old pack-horse. It was much larger than the Puteasana. I felt as I was crossing the river the contrast between my position in Africa and my former life in England, and praised the Lord for giving me such experiences of His presence and love.

Arrived at the mission-house of Leribe about mid-day. This is the northernmost of the mission-stations in Basutoland. I feel I am not taking any liberty

when I state that my dear brother and sister Coillard gave me a hearty welcome. My soul was full of praise, for it is written, '*The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul.*' The Lord had given me the desire of my heart when I left England,—I had visited all the mission-stations of the Church of France in Basutoland !

It was His will to give me here a very sweet season of rest. I had no thought of it when I arrived, but, desiring not to pass the week in prayer on the line of march, I was led to spend it with my dear brother and his church here, and thus the Lord led me to remain and rest awhile. It is a charming spot,—the mountains near and far are witnesses of God's strength. The garden, the house, and the well-built house of prayer are a testimony that the Lord has blessed His servant, and prospered the work of his hands. But more than all, a small church of earnest, warm-hearted Christians made it such a place as one would delight to dwell in, did not the King's service call elsewhere.

I had expected letters from my wife here, and I should have had them to-day *but for my unbelief*. I was told that I could not get through the rivers I had swam, and I therefore asked to have my letters sent to Cana. Had I trusted in the Lord to take me on my journey, I should have enjoyed this pleasure, to which I had been long looking forward.

However, I prayed that if the letters were in Basutoland I might soon get them.

Dec. 26.—There was a meeting of the church in the morning. My dear brother introduced me to his people, and I spoke to them on these precious words: '*By whom we have received grace.*' *All grace of every kind the gift of Christ*; for it hath pleased the Father that in Him should dwell all the fullness of the Godhead by embodiment. I had just finished praying for grace and patience when my letters came, kindly forwarded by Major Bell, one of the magistrates, by a special messenger. Thus the Lord answered my prayer. After enjoying my home letters, I spent the evening in prayer with my brother and his dear wife.

Dec. 27–31.—On the Lord's day I spoke from Luke xv. The house of prayer was nearly filled, and I enjoyed giving my testimony to the love and grace of God. My dear brother Coillard, like all his brethren in this mission, has good cause to praise the Lord for all His blessings. Just as he commenced the station in 1865, he was driven from it by the Boers. Obligated to go to Natal, he laboured there for some time with his American brethren. Returning to Leribe at the close of the war, he was in the middle of building the handsome stone house of prayer which now adorns the station, when the war between France and Germany broke out. The

Lord moved his friends in Natal to help him, and the building is finished. The whole of it is well done, in good taste, and beautiful in its simplicity.

The Sunday school this afternoon was a very pretty sight,—clusters of boys and girls, and often heathen women, seated at the feet or by the side of Christian women. The young men were in classes taught by men. All were learning the same lesson, all being taught out of God's word.

The commemoration of our Lord's death followed. 'Who, *instead of* the joy set before Him, endured the cross,' was the word I felt important for our constant meditation and imitation. We are commanded to *consider Him enduring suffering instead of joy*, lest we be weary and faint in our minds.

Next day the church gathered again, and the Lord led me to dwell on His declaration that they are blessed who hear and keep *the word of God*. How great the value of God's written word! How great the blessing of hearing its promises and believing them! What present peace and power are enjoyed in accepting and using God's word! Afterwards I spoke alone to the workers on 2 Cor. iii., Col. i., ii.,—the all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus, by the Father's will, for the need of all His servants.

On Wednesday I called with my dear brother on Major Bell, and on Molapo, one of Moshesh's sons. I thanked the Major for kindly sending me

my letters. Molapo was 'not at home,' so his servant said, and we rode back to the station. Rain came on as we neared it, and in one hour the valley along which we had ridden became a lake, and the road we had taken was impassable!

The last day of the year ought to lead every man to a solemn retrospect before God of all his words and acts during that year, for God will judge them; and it is written, 'If we judge ourselves, we shall not be condemned of the Lord.' If we condemn and confess to the Lord our own sinfulness, unbelief, unfaithfulness, ingratitude, and impatience, and accept full pardon as the gift of God through the atonement of our Lord, we shall never be condemned by God for those sins. Blessed, blessed truth! Oh that all knew it, believed it, obeyed it! Confession, thanksgiving, and prayer were this day's occupation. The old year passed away and the new year opened during a few moments of silent prayer, in communion with my dear brother and his wife, and tens of thousands of Christians throughout the whole world!

Jan. 1, 1875.—'Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.' How sad the state of that man who, professing to be civilised, enlightened, intelligent, does not pray in Christ's name, '*Prepare mercy and truth, let them continually preserve me.*' What insurance has he for his reason, his substance, his

soul, during the new year? Does not God's word cry to all such, 'O ye fools, when will ye understand?'

We had meetings with the church for prayer this and the following day because of the New Year, and in preparation for the week of prayer.

From the 3d to the 10th.—From the first to the second Lord's day of the year, the Church of Christ throughout the world gave itself to special prayer. So abundantly had my prayers been answered in the previous year, that I could not omit this blessed week of prayer and supplication, much as I wished to get to Pieter-Maritzberg before the soldiers I had commanded at Singapore embarked for England.

The Lord ordered this rest, which was prolonged to the 15th, to strengthen Solomon, myself, and my horses for the long journey back.

My beloved brother permitted me the word of exhortation whenever the Lord gave me anything to speak. On the first Lord's day I preached on Jesus, Prophet, Priest, and King,—the opening subject of the week's meditation,—with great joy. Meetings were held morning and evening in the church. On Wednesday, the day of prayer for children, all the young people were invited to attend; and while prayer was being made for them, the Spirit of the Lord came down upon them, and sixteen were, I believe, that morning led to Christ.

We met at sunrise, and it was well towards mid-day before our meeting closed. On Thursday, in speaking of the way in which the Lord causes religious liberty to be established in a nation,—instancing the trial of the three Jews in the furnace at Babylon,—I remarked that this was always brought about by the faithful suffering of His people. The native Christians were much affected. They said they had a golden calf in their land,—Polygamy. Whoever would not worship that was cast into a fiery furnace. Their chiefs have a right to the labour of the people in their fields. The Christians till the fields of the chief and his first wife, but they will not dig the fields of his second and twenty-second wives, hence they are persecuted! Very fervently did they pray that they might never worship this or any other golden calf, but might suffer rather unto death.

This was a memorable week to me. I saw much of the little Basuto church here, and its faithful pastor, and I learned more of the customs and thoughts of this tribe than before. Nathaniel, Solomon, Petros, Moses, Mamousa, Damaris, Rahab, Felicitas, Mareká, and others will ever be dear to my memory. Each have a history. Mamousa and Rahab were wives of Molapo. Fervently do they pray for the conversion of that apostate chief. Damaris is a Zulu woman, led to Christ in Basutoland. Her efforts to pray in broken Lesuto were

great, when one day, to her joy, the missionary told her that God understood Zulu as well as Lesuto, and then her tongue was loosed in praise and prayer, which never cease. She was an old woman when converted, and, like all old Kaffir women, was set aside to eat, drink, sleep, and die. A new physical life came with the spiritual. She rose, took her hoe, went off to her fields, and now laughingly tells how she deceives the people by walking and running like a girl ! This extraordinary power of soul over body is a fact probably well known to every experienced Christian. Little Mareká's is the brightest face of all. He was listening to a sermon on the resurrection of the Lord Jesus when that grand fact entered his soul. After this he would tap at Damaris' door before sunrise every morning. 'Who is there?' 'Mareká.' 'What do you want?' 'The Lord Christ is risen, Damaris; let me in.' She would open the door, and tell her delighted little visitor stories of His blessed life on earth. I never saw a brighter face than that of this little black Basuto boy. He is now about eight years old ; but his manner, bearing, and expression of face are those of a Christian who has long walked humbly with his God. Nathaniel was one of Moshesh's favourite warriors,—a brave man, and a chief by right. He might have been one of the leading men in his tribe, but he has chosen the

reproach of Christ, which lowers him in the eyes of his heathen countrymen. As an old soldier, and one whose case had been somewhat similar, my heart clave to his heart. We had many interesting conversations. One morning at breakfast he asked me whether I had learnt any Basuto words. I said, 'Moréna Yesu'—the Lord Jesus. Nathaniel then gave me the word 'topollo'—salvation, explaining its meaning thus:—It is a Basuto custom in war, when a man surrenders, to throw up his two arms like the horns of an ox. His life is spared, but he has to pay an ox, which is 'topollo'—ransom, or salvation. He said we were slaves, were caught by sin, and ready to be killed. The Lord Jesus appeared, we lifted up our hands to Him, and that was 'topollo.' Man is taken prisoner, he added, and could never get free if the ox had not been paid. Hence the Basuto Christians sometimes call the Lord Jesus the Ox of Salvation, as the Kaffirs call Him 'Hlati-kutu—the great forest,' their refuge.

On the second Lord's day, the 10th, I went with my brother to preach at Molapo's kraal. Poor man! I feel for him, as for every apostate. There was apparently no doubt of his conversion, but the lust of polygamy has dragged him away from the Lord. I warned him faithfully, as I did his brothers, that the hand must be cut off, the eye put out, rather than hell with both hands and eyes. He looked

miserable, as he doubtless is, for he has added treachery to man to apostasy from God. It was at this very spot where I preached that Langabalile was 'captured.' He was invited by Molapo to his kraal as a friend, and was received on arrival by a large force of English police ! I should be very sorry to think that any English officer had anything to do with the suggestion of this act of treachery ; for, apart from the baseness of such conduct, it is not sound policy to teach native subjects what may be afterwards practised to the great injury of the State. Langabalile had been very kind to the Basutos during the war with the Boers, had sheltered them and given them food. To his credit be it here recorded, that when Nathaniel was told that Langabalile had been trapped into Molapo's village, and was a prisoner in the hands of the English, he declined to go and see him. ' We have eaten his food, he sheltered us from the enemy, I cannot look on his sorrow.' The Basutos are very loyal to the Government, but neither they nor other men in their right minds approve of treachery.

I must now leave Leribe, but, apart from the place and event just referred to, it will be ever a green spot in my memory. On the morning of the 15th the church assembled, and we partook together of the Lord's Supper. It was purposed that a season of prayer should follow, but the service closed

without it. The Lord, however, gave me this desire, for just as we were starting in the afternoon a heavy storm came up the valley, and while it passed over the station my brethren and I were engaged in prayer in the schoolroom. 'Good-bye, my dear sister,' was my parting salutation to my most kind hostess. Her husband and Nathaniel accompanied me part of the way. 'Nathaniel,' said I, as we rode along, 'when Christians are about to part, they should spend their last moments in seeking to build one another up in their most holy faith. The Lord bids me remind you of the secret of strength. His people have died, and been buried to the world and to sin, and are now in union with Him in resurrection-life.' Conversing on the glorious standing of the believer in Christ, we approached a rock which towered high above the plain. Here we dismounted, commended each other and the Church in Basutoland in prayer to the Lord, greeted one another with an holy kiss, and then parted. The sight of that rock brought to my mind a favourite prayer: 'When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' Pointing to the rock, a fit emblem of the strength, power, and salvation of the Lord Jesus, my last words to my dear brethren were on the blessed teaching of this portion of the word. May we never forget it in our hour of need!

It was dark when I reached Boutabouta, already referred to as the birthplace of Moshesh. Mr. Bell, a trader, had invited me to his house, and I spent the evening with his family. Solomon brought the horses when the moon rose, and I went on to sleep at the evangelist's hut. Evening prayer and repose.

16th.—In the saddle before the sun rose. My dear brother Coillard had lent Solomon and myself his two horses. They were fresh and strong. We offsaddled to breakfast at a large kraal, where a crowd of men, women, and children assembled to hear the word. I was quite delighted with the way in which the little children came round me. The scenery on entering the Drakenberg Mountains is grand. I saw here a touch of nature, the simplicity of which I could not but admire. Thousands of vultures had their nests in these passes. The magnificent red rocks were touched with white, as with an artist's brush. It was not until I came close to them that I observed that this was from the vultures' dung. There is no loss of expedients with the Lord for beautifying the world He has created for man, but through which most men pass as if they were blind or dead. We offsaddled under one of these rocks. Hundreds of young vultures screamed for food from God above us. The stream rippled away in music at our feet. The grass was green and soft. I enjoyed the short

repose, for we could not rest long. Farther on, Solomon and my guide stopped to look for mushrooms; this delayed me half-an-hour. Darkness came on, and we were nearly obliged to spend the night in the mountains. The Lord, however, came to my help: repeated flashes of distant lightning showed me the mission-house of *Witzieshoek*, and I was thankful to find myself under the roof of M. Maeder, son of the missionary of Siloe. May the Lord preserve me from looking for mushrooms as I near the end of my journey! Nothing but the lightning of His judgments can make a Christian who thus acts see the home God has prepared for him.

17th.—*Lord's Day*.—This mission, albeit it belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church, is in reality a child of the Mission of the Church of France. Not only is the missionary a son of that mission, but the chief, Mopeli, is a brother of Moshesh, and all his people are Basutos. It was during the Boer war that Mopeli asked to come here with his people. The French Church continued its care of the few Christians as well as it could, until the mission was undertaken by the Dutch Reformed Church, as *Witzieshoek* is in the Free State, and not in Basutoland. Mopeli and many of his people came to morning service. We assembled under the magnificent mountains, and I felt that no man in Europe was going to preach in a cathedral half as

grand as mine. The parable of the tares of the field was my subject. How clearly is the truth of Christ's teaching set forth by it! How fully will it be completed in all its details! I believe the word was blessed. One man said to me next day, 'I want to shine like the sun in the kingdom of my Father.' Mopeli worships the golden calf Polygamy. This keeps him, as it does all who worship lust, from Christ. I spake plainly to him as to all. *There are two things which keep most men from Christ, pride or lust. You must cut them off, or perish.* As a man, he is very gentlemanly, and I could quite picture Moshesh from my conversation with him. After the morning service I spoke to the children in M. Maeder's unfinished house, where we took shelter from the rain. Mopeli's eldest son, who had been educated at Cape Town, interpreted for me, and kindly came next day to perform the same office. He is not a professed Christian. May the Lord instruct him! '*How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God.*'

The Land of the Zulu.—Origin of the Foreign
Missions of the Church of America, and
History of their Missions to the Matabele
and Zulu Tribes.

CHAPTER XI.

I MUST now leave the Drakenberg. Having passed much of the 18th January in private conversation with the members of the little church of Witzieshoek, and having received two friendly visits from Commandant Raath, the Dutch magistrate, I started early on the 19th to pass out of the mountains into Natal. M. Maeder rode with me part of the way. After fording a river, the road lay up a spur of the outer range of the mountains, and I had a ride of wonderful beauty. When we gained the top the air was delicious, and in a few minutes the plains of Natal were before my feet. I could look down the mountains, but a heavy storm hid the view beyond. As the clouds were driven by the wind, I was permitted to obtain occasional glimpses of the distant landscape. Here I parted with my dear brother Coillard's guide and his horses, for both of which I was most thankful. M. Maeder's servant became my guide onwards. I never parted from my guides without prayer with them. As we

descended the mountains the storm cleared away. We crossed the Tugela 'in seven streams,' instead of swimming it lower down. Praising the Lord for having brought us safely through the mountains at this rainy season of the year, we offsaddled near the river. I will leave Solomon to light a fire and make coffee, while I note what led me into the land of the Zulu.

It was not my intention when I set forth on this ride to visit Natal. I had often wished that I could see the American missions there, but I had abandoned all thought of so doing, on account of the heat of Natal, and the length of the journey. However, when I found myself, by the power of the Lord, in the north of Basutoland, above that country, it became a question whether I should cross the mountains and visit my American brethren, or return the way I came. The Lord had so marvellously strengthened me, that I felt sure He would continue this mercy, if He willed that I should go to them. I laid the matter before Him in prayer. It was recalled to my mind, that in coming to South Africa I had prayed that I might be a witness for the Lord *throughout the land*. This was the answer to my prayer. I could not doubt the Lord's will, and with much joy I started to visit the American missionaries. I had received very great blessing through intercourse with American Christians. I

owed the Church of America a debt of gratitude for this, and I felt that I could not better show it than by going to try and cheer these their dear brethren in their labours of love.

Once more it is my pleasure to call attention to the ways of the Lord in *the origin of the foreign missions of the Church of America*. Very few of those who may read this book will have heard it. It stands like the prayer of the *three* who opened the Bible Stand of the Crystal Palace, and of the *seven* who started the Young Men's Christian Association, as a testimony of what God can do in answer to desiring, believing prayer.

‘One afternoon in July or August 1806, *five* students of the William's College, Boston, went out together to join in a prayer meeting which was usually held in a grove near the West College. It was oppressively hot, which detained those from the East College. A storm came on, and they took shelter under a haystack. The moral darkness of Asia, the geography of which they were then studying, was the subject of conversation before and after they sought shelter from the rain. The names of the five were Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byram Green. *Mills proposed that they should send the gospel to Asia*, and said that they could do it if they would. All agreed and were delighted with the

proposal except Loomis, who contended that it was premature. He was answered that God was always willing that the gospel should be preached throughout the world, and if the Christian Church was willing and active this would be done. "Come," said Mills, "*let us make it a subject of prayer under this haystack, while the dark clouds are going, and the bright clouds are coming.*" All joined in prayer except Loomis. There had been much thunder and lightning, and Mills, who prayed last, became quite enthusiastic, and prayed that God would "strike down by the red artillery of heaven the arm that should be raised against a herald of the cross." They then sang together this stanza,—

“ Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compared to Thine,
How mean their writings look.”

The prayer meetings were continued during the warm season in that grove, and foreign missions were always remembered. *The result was the formation, within two years, of the first Foreign Missionary Society in America. This Society was not for sending others, but for going to the heathen.*

‘The following was the constitution of this Society :—

“ The object of this Society shall be *to effect in the person of its members a mission to the heathen.*

“No person shall be admitted who is under an engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with his going on a mission to the heathen.

“Each member *shall keep absolutely free* from every engagement which, after his prayerful attention, shall be deemed incompatible with the objects of the Society, and *shall hold himself ready to go on a mission when and where duty may call.*”

‘Emissaries were sent to other colleges. A similar society was formed at Andover. A proposition in regard to foreign missions was made to the general association of Massachusetts, which resulted in the formation of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

‘Within forty-three years from this time, the Church of America sent forth among the heathen 358 ordained missionaries, 26 medical missionaries, 138 other unordained labourers, with 616 lady helpers. The native assistants employed would swell the total to 1738 labourers in the gospel of Christ among the heathen, as the Lord’s answer to Mill’s proposition, and to the prayer under the haystack.’

I have extracted this from the Report of the Mission Jubilee at William’s College, August 5, 1856. Mills rests near the shores of Africa. Richards, whose last words were, ‘Oh, what glories I see!’ entered into glory from his battlefield in Ceylon, 1822. Hall, another of the first volunteers,

went home from among the Mahrattas of Western India. Judson and others soon followed them abroad; and Mills, having delighted himself in the Lord, has now eternity in which to enjoy the fulfilment of the desire of his heart in the spread of the gospel among the heathen by the foreign missions of the Church of America, of which he, as the first who spoke, was the founder.

In the year 1833 the attention of Christians in America was drawn to the Zulu tribe in South Africa by Dr. Philip, who, we have already seen, was honoured by the Lord to bring the Mission of the Church of France to Basutoland. He was virtually the father of both missions.

The following narrative of the establishment of the Mission of the Church of America among the Zulus of Natal is extracted from a paper read by the Rev. Aldin Grout, one of the pioneers of that mission, at the annual meeting at Durban, Natal, in 1856. It will be very interesting to all who love to read of faithful perseverance in spreading the gospel of Christ, and in seeking the good of man suffering in the terrible bondage of heathenism.

It is worthy of note that the Spirit of the Lord drew the hearts of three of His servants in the Northern States, and three in the Southern States, at the same time, towards South Africa. A letter from Dr. Philip to a student of divinity in the United States

suggested this mission, as has been above stated. Thus everything was arranged by the Lord :—

‘ On the 3d December 1834, six of us, viz. Lindley, Adams, Venable, Champion, Wilson, and myself, having been appointed as missionaries of the American Board in Africa, sailed with our wives from Boston, and after a prosperous voyage landed at Cape Town, February 5, 1835. Three of our number were destined to Umzilikagi, and the other three, Adams, Champion, and myself, to the Zulus, under Dingane.

‘ As soon as the three brethren for the interior could make preparation, they left Cape Town in ox-waggons, with a journey of a thousand miles before them, over such sands, barren wastes, and want of water, as in this colony we know nothing about.

‘ Those of us who were destined to Natal found our way completely hedged up. The Kaffir War of 1835 was then going on, and prevented our travelling overland. After staying a few months at Cape Town, it was thought we might possibly obtain conveyance sooner from Port Elizabeth, and we accordingly removed to that place. Our first opportunity to Natal was in December 1835, by the *Dore*. This we embraced, leaving our wives and effects behind, till it should be seen what reception Natal had for us. Arrived at Natal, a few days sufficed to purchase oxen, which we spanned into a

waggon we had brought by ship, and away we went to obtain permission of Dingane to teach his people. The chief gave us reluctant permission, saying that we must first build a house at Natal for our home, then he would allow us to spend more or less time among his people. It was arranged that Mr. Champion should remain at Natal to do this, and Dr. Adams and I should endeavour to return by the *Dove*, and prepare to move to Natal. We left the waggon in the Zulu country with Mr. Champion, and travelled on foot, crossing rivers and sleeping in the bush, for there were no people living then between the Tugela and Umgeni. We arrived just in time, and three days' sailing brought us to Port Elizabeth.

'We commenced our preparation for travelling through Kaffirland, that thus we might take the oxen we should require. In the meantime my own wife was called to be with Christ, leaving me a little daughter. On our departure for Natal, a kind mother in Israel took the child, and nursed it for me.

'After some sixty days' travelling across a country without roads, we arrived at the Umlagi river, which Mr. Champion had selected for a station, and where he had built some huts for our reception. On visiting Dingane again, he gave us permission to commence our labours at Umsunduzi. Mr. Champion

and myself commenced a station there, leaving Dr. Adams at Umlagi.

‘Were my friend Lindley standing in my place, I know he could give you accounts of such trials and sufferings as have seldom fallen to the lot of Christ’s missionaries. (This brings us to the history of the three who went to the interior.)

‘As soon as they had arrived, built a house, and moved into it, the whole company were seized with that most horrible of all fevers, the essence of ague, rheumatism, and gout combined. Mrs. Wilson succumbed to it. Her last words were: “Tell my mother, and sister, and friends, that I never regretted coming to Africa.” No one had strength to make a coffin. Her body was placed in an excavation in the ground, two boards were set up on edge over it, across which short pieces were laid, and it was then covered up and left to rest.

‘After suffering for months from this fever, and when one or two were so far recovered as to be able to walk a little, they were awakened one morning by the noise of firing all round them. A bullet struck the wall near Mr. Venable’s head. A company of Boers had come, and were shooting the natives as fast as they could, and seizing their cattle. They said they were determined to destroy the people, and take their cattle, until Umzilikagi should be no more. The Boers had been first

attacked and robbed by the Matabele, and were now come to take vengeance. They advised the missionaries to go out of the country with them.

‘Our brethren, believing that nothing more remained for them to do here, spanned in their waggons and started, Mr. Lindley leading his own for want of a native to do it. Some of the company, not having walked a step for months, were placed on the top of the goods, and away they started, over a country across which there was no road or track. There was no slacking or outspanning for twenty-three hours. When inquiry was made after the welfare of the sick, the reply was, “We are better.” Reports during the night were repeated that Umzilikagi’s army was surrounding them. Mothers with children in their arms were floated across the Orange River on bundles of reeds. Wet through, without time, strength, or convenience for changing their clothes, destitute of bread or food suitable for the sick,—nevertheless, by the mercy of the Lord, the whole party arrived safely at the nearest mission-station, and thence passed on to Graham’s Town, whence, following our route, they arrived in Natal in June 1836. Mrs. Lindley rode on horseback on a man’s saddle the whole of that long journey, about 600 miles.

‘This was the first reinforcement of the Zulu mission. We put Mr. Lindley at Ipuni, and Messrs.

Wilson and Venable on the Umhlatusi river, in Dingane's country.

'Hardly had our new brethren got settled, when, in February 1837, Mr. Venable received an express to proceed to Dingane's capital. He had previously heard of the arrival of emigrant Boers in the country, and knew that their deputation was there. On arrival, he saw the luggage of the Boers at the gate of the kraal, but all about there was as still as the house of death. He asked a boy where the Boers were, and was told that they were gone hunting. Appearances were, however, very suspicious. He sent to announce his arrival to Dingane, and asked permission to see him at once. Dingane told him that he had killed the Boers, but that the missionaries had nothing to fear. Mr. Venable asked to go and see Mr. Owen, of the Church Missionary Society, who was living in sight of the capital, which was granted. Mr. Owen was in the greatest distress, having been informed of the massacre. He saw the struggle in the morning. He and Mr. Venable agreed to get out of the country, knowing that the war which was commenced between the Boers and Zulus had not terminated. Dingane gave his consent to their leaving, but not until he had asked, or, as he meant, claimed, an important part of their property. They escaped to their brethren.

‘Natal was at that time the property of the Boers. A war between them and the Zulus compelled the missionaries to leave that country, which was swept clean by the Zulu army. Mr. Lindley remained to watch events, but was obliged to take ship, and, with Mr. Owen, went to Port Elizabeth in June 1838. Several of the missionaries returned to America. Some have gone to their rest, after faithful service. Dr. Wilson joined the West African Mission, and laid down his life at Cape Palmas in 1841.

‘The British Government soon after this assumed military occupation of Natal, and, the affairs of the country beginning to betoken peace, Dr. Adams travelled overland to Natal in March 1839. Encouraged by his visit, he returned for Mrs. Adams and Mr. Lindley, who was followed by his wife, then detained by the sickness of one of their children. Dr. Adams went back to his old station at Umlagi, and his faith was rewarded by a congregation of 500 on Sundays, a Sabbath school of 200, and a large and flourishing day school, within one year of his return. Mr. Lindley was led of the Lord to devote himself to the Boers; and in this he had the approval of the Mission Board, and earned the gratitude of the Dutch population. His name is now a watchword among the children of the Boers of Natal.

‘Mr. Grout returned from America in 1840, and

opened a station near the place where Wilson and Venable had laboured. On the 25th July 1842, Dingane, who had become jealous of his people listening to the missionary, attacked the station, massacring all who could not escape. No violence was done to the missionary, but he thought it best to go back into Natal, with some of the people who were attached to him, and who felt that their lives were not safe near Dingane.

‘In 1843 the American Board of Missions was led, by the reports of the unsettled state of the Zulus, to purpose the abandonment of the mission; but the Lord willed it otherwise. Lindley was labouring among the Boers; Dr. Adams declined to leave his post, continuing hopeful, steadfast, and diligent; Mr. Grout, on arrival at Cape Town, was dissuaded by the Christians there from returning to America; the Rev. Dr. Faure, Dr. Philip, and other Christians wrote to the Board, giving their view of the field, and urging the continuance of the mission. The Lord had at that time appointed one of His own servants as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Peregrine Maitland was then Governor. His name will ever be cherished among Christian soldiers, because he resigned the then very lucrative command of one of the Presidencies of India, rather than pass on an order in council that the guards and sentries of the British army were to ‘present arms’—or other-

wise to render the highest military salute—to idols ! He told Mr. Grout that he had more faith in missionaries than in soldiers for preventing wars with the savage races, and employed him as Government missionary in Natal, to which place he at once returned, and founded Umooti. For ten years the gospel was preached among the Zulus without one convert being made. But in 1846 the hearts of the missionaries were rejoiced by one, and then others, joining the Church.

‘The mission was reinforced in 1847 by Mr. R. C. Bryant, who, although suffering from ill health, laboured faithfully until obliged to cease. He departed to his rest and reward December 23, 1850. In the year 1847 Mr. Lindley rejoined the mission, and founded the station of Inanda.’

I have thus gathered from the speech of Mr. Aldin Grout, and from a book entitled *Zululand*, by Mr. Lewis Grout, an outline of the foundation of the Mission of the Church of America in Zululand. The following are the names of those who have joined the mission subsequent to these events:—Lewis Grout and M’Kinney, 1847; Marsh and Rood, 1848; Ireland, Abraham, Tyler, and Wilder, 1849; Butler, 1850; Stone and Mellen, 1851; Pixley, 1856; Robbins, 1859; Bridgman, 1860; Lloyd, 1862; Pinkerton, 1871; Kilburn, 1873.

Lewis Grout laboured until 1862, when he was obliged by ill health to return to America; Dr Adams,

having fought the good fight, went to the Lord 8th September 1851,—‘a pioneer missionary, whose faith and patience never failed.’ He founded Amanzimtote, now the training institution for the native teachers. Marsh laboured for five years, and then went to his reward 11th December 1853,—‘a brother greatly beloved.’ Bryant ceased from his labours December 1850, and rests at Inanda.

This mission was joined in the year 1849 by a faithful German missionary, Dohne, who has given his name to a station near King William’s Town, where he suffered many hardships in the cause of Christ. Failing health compelled his leaving the mission in 1860.

The above narrative will show that the Mission of the Church of America met with a very different reception in South Africa from that of the Mission of the Church of France. There was a vast difference between the characters of Moshesh and of Moselekatsi and Dingane, the Matabele and Zulu chiefs. He who is excellent in counsel knew this, as well as the difference between the large and free Church of America, and the poor, long-persecuted Church of France. Give Him the glory of choosing for each the right field.

I feel that the above facts give but a mere outline of the labours and sufferings of the pioneers of the Church of America among the Matabeles and

Zulus; but as taken from the lips of one of those pioneers, they will be more interesting than any history I could compile, even if I had the materials for such a work. They give a good idea of the character of the people among whom the American brethren were sent to preach the gospel of salvation. The Zulus, under Dingane and Chaka, were a nation of soldiers always engaged in war, and the difficulty of planting the Church of Christ among a South African tribe in that state can only be understood by those who know something of the Kaffir races.

The pioneer whose narrative has been given, when looking back over forty years of toil in the mission-field of South Africa, used the following language: '*If I was a fool in the eyes of some men, I have lived to see an hundred-fold more done than I ever dreamed that I might effect in a long life, and I have enjoyed an hundred-fold more than I ever expected. Every promise of God has been abundantly fulfilled to me.*' I could wish that this testimony might be read by every converted theological student, or any young man seeking to enter the ministry of the gospel, and that it might lead him to give himself to the Lord for His work in foreign lands.

'*Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in all deep places.*' This is the history of all foreign missions. I love to meditate on these words as I ride over the plains of Africa.

Amsunduzi, Verulam, Iranda, Amanzimtote,
Ikuni, Ifafa, Umtwalumi, Umzumbe.

CHAPTER XII.

As I stood on the Drakenberg looking towards Natal, my eyes seemed to pierce through the clouds and storm—fit emblems of Langabalile's and Colenso's doings—to the peaceful centres of light on the sea coast, where my American brethren were preaching Christ. I felt as if I could touch my horse with the spur, and take a leap of 200 miles to the nearest American mission - station. Gladly would I have saved my poor beast the track, but flesh and blood could not do it. Now, however, mounted on that which leaps the ditch 'of death and almost spurns eternity, borne by that immortal part of my being which I have of God, and which I will not give up for the monkey propositions of Darwin, or the infidelity of Tyndall, I take one bound from the Drakenberg to Umsunduzi, on the coast of Natal, and I stand at the door of brother Tyler's mission-house.

It was ten minutes past ten o'clock on Saturday night, 6th February, when I was gladdened by the sight of lights in his dwelling. I had ridden from

Impolwem, the station of my beloved elder brother, Mr. James Allison, of the Free Church of Scotland Mission, at daybreak. My guide had taken me fifteen miles out of my way, and my horses had done some sixty-five miles. The hearty welcome of my dear American brother and his kind wife were therefore all the more pleasing, especially as it brought at once to my presence and memory the faces of many loved friends in America, for whom, though we have been long parted, I do not cease to pray. ‘*The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul.*’ I praised the Lord from my heart for *this second blessing* in my journey. I had seen my French brethren—now I had come to my American brethren. My heart was full of joy. I forgave the guide because he got a fall from his horse after dark, and also because he lost a good deal of flesh in the day’s work, not being, as Solomon quaintly observed as we were entering Natal, ‘acquainted with riding.’ I praised the Lord for renewing and continuing my strength.

February 7.—Lord’s Day. — This day twenty years ago, I paraded in Winchester barracks to go to the Crimea. Blessed be the Lord, who spared me, and led me to Umsunduzi in Natal, to be a witness for Him to the Zulu Christians and heathen round my brother Tyler’s station. That day was Sunday; and it was with very different feelings that I tramped on the snow in death-like silence through

Portsmouth, to those with which I stood, the word of the living God in my hand, among these children of Africa. My dear brother interpreted for me, and I did enjoy preaching Christ side by side with an American brother. In the afternoon, at his request, I gave the Christians a few details of my visit to the Basuto mission, and of the work of the Lord there. We then took a walk together, and in so doing all the old happiness of Christian communion in America came back to me, and refreshed me as in days gone by.

8th.—I had been longing for a quiet morning's talk with my fellow-labourer in the Lord over the things of His kingdom. I knew that he was one like-minded with Mabile and other of the Lord's servants in Africa, who are longing to hear the 'advance' sounded by the Mission Boards at home, and to receive reinforcements in men and means for sending on the gospel. We prayed, and then, with the map of Africa before us, spoke of our hopes and desires in the furtherance of the Lord's work in this land. I purpose to sum up the result of my inquiries and conversations in the last chapter. We took a walk in the afternoon, visiting some of the people, and inviting them to a meeting next day. It would be as well here to put side by side encouragement and discouragement in missionary labour. Let the last come first always. My dear

brother told me, that after preaching *for ten years* among the people, and grieving over their indifference, he was led to put before them, very solemnly, the wrath of God which would burst upon the impenitent. He noticed a Zulu listening intently, and hoped the word had had some effect. The man came up to him after the service, and said, 'I'm very glad to hear there's going to be a storm, for my garden's very dry, and wants water!' It is one thing to preach in England or America to people who have some knowledge of what you mean, another to preach to the darkness of Africa! But let us not faint; the Lord reigneth. Our dear brother was greatly encouraged on another occasion, by inquiring of a candidate for admission to the Church how he first became impressed with the gospel. 'Do you not remember, *ten years ago*, calling at a kraal one morning for some milk for your wife? *I was the boy who went with you to get it. While I was milking, you told me of Christ, and urged me to believe in Him and come to school, and I came. Now I believe.*' Fellow-labourers, let us be strong in faith, giving glory to God, and believing that what He has promised—that His word shall not return to Him void—He is able also to perform. I ought to notice that the horse-sickness was very prevalent at this time in Natal. My dear brother lost a favourite animal while I was at his

house. The Lord graciously preserved my beasts, according to my earnest prayer.

9th.—Another pleasant morning. Copied the narrative of the mission. One of my brother's daughters asking me to fill in a page of a book, found in many drawing-rooms, in which you are asked your likings, your tastes, your character, etc., I thanked the Lord that He had taught me the proper answer to one query: 'What is your principal characteristic?' Answer, according to God's word about man: '*No good thing.*' I do not like to notice the families of my brethren, although they are not forgotten in my heart. I would, however, remark that the Lord fulfils His word. They have for the most part families like a flock, and there are none like Job's daughters. I never saw a more beautiful photograph than that of brother Tyler and his family.

In the afternoon, had a meeting with the people. Abraham, a faithful Zulu evangelist, who labours among the heathen some twenty miles away, came to join us. A few young men stayed to an after-meeting,—some willingly, others at my request. May our converse prove to have been to each a savour of life unto life eternal!

Feb. 10.—I felt very sorry to leave this happy American home; but we shall, I hope, all meet again. Brother Tyler drove me to Verulam. Our

road lay through some estates of sugar-cane. Here I met several of my old acquaintances, the coolies of India. 'Hemara Baie' (my brother) was all my stock of Hindostani left; but this was enough to draw a smile from the labourers as I passed along. It had pleased the Lord to visit Verulam with blessing since the week of prayer. About fifty white people, and as many natives, had professed the faith of Christ. This was a cause of very great joy to me, for I had been longing for signs of life anywhere in Africa. We went to the mission-house, and found Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp, and Mr. Rhodes, Wesleyan missionaries, at home. They were in much sorrow, on account of the death of a very promising native minister, who had been killed by lightning a few days before, while riding into Palmerton. Mr. Allsopp had brought him up, and mourned him as a son. At their request, I preached at 7 P.M. to the English congregation, and and at 8.30 to the natives. There was a very good assembly in each chapel. To the former I spoke on the words of the Lord Jesus, '*I am the Life*,' endeavouring to set before the converts that *all life is in Jesus alone*,—that it begins, continues, and ends in Him, and that never, under any circumstances, apart from Him can we have any life in us. To the natives I spoke of His finished work.

11th. — I bade farewell to my brother Tyler,

rejoicing in our fellowship in the Lord. I was thankful to have met my other brethren. After two or three hours' ride, I reached Inanda, another mission-station of the American Church. The girls' boarding-school is here; and as Mrs. Edwards had joined our Prayer Union, and had requested prayer for the school, it was like coming to see an old friend. Mr. and Mrs. Pixley, and Mr. and Mrs. Kilborn, and Miss Lindley are the Lord's servants here. The former were in the mission-house, the latter in charge of the girls' school, which Miss Lindley superintends, as Mrs. Edwards has gone to America. I was at once at home. In the evening I had the pleasure of speaking to the girls from the word of God.

I was much struck on entering Natal with the very superior way in which the Zulu Christians build their houses, especially those of the American missions. There are no such houses built by natives in the colony—in fact, many of those I saw would be an ornament in the colonial towns, in preference to the low iron-roofed sheds in which most of the white population live. I can only account for it by the peace which has prevailed in Natal since its occupation by the English, the superiority of the Zulu Kaffir when converted, and the energy of the American missionaries.

A fine house of prayer stands on a height above

the mission-house, commanding a lovely view. The roof of it has been twice blown off. The winds are very strong here. Miss Lindley told me that on one occasion she saw a heavy storm coming, and closed the school, sending the children home. They had hardly got under cover, when the storm swept over the place, and brought the whole building down flat. Thus the Lord preserved them.

12th.—There was a meeting of the church of Inanda in the afternoon, and I had the pleasure of giving my testimony to them concerning the Lord Jesus from Heb. x.,—my brother, Mr. Pixley, interpreting. Afterwards, I had some converse with the native minister,—a man who, I do not hesitate to say, is in every particular fully equal in intellect, ability, manner, and all that man needs to fit him for the duties of life, to any European. *I have made this remark simply because it is due to the missionaries to testify to these things.* Their enemies charge them with doing nothing. If, as has been done in many cases, they have taken wild Kaffirs, taught them God's word and Christ's gospel, civilised them, and then educated their children up to the standard of an educated English gentleman, *they have done something!* A stroll to the house of prayer with Mr. Pixley and Miss Lindley, and then we closed the day by an evening reading of the word.

Feb. 13.—Mr. Pixley had to go to Durban to meet his daughter, so we started early, and rode along the ridge above the Umgeni. Miss Pixley was waiting at the railway, which runs out three miles from Durban, and we offsaddled under trees near. Mr. Rhodes met us; we joined company, and, after parting with dear Mr. Pixley and his daughter, we rode on together to Durban, where I was welcomed at the house of Mr. Mann, the Congregational minister. The Lord gave me little acts of service for Him in and near Durban for a few days, to which I purpose hereafter to refer, but will now continue my visit to my American brethren.

On the 24th February, guided by Mr. Churchill, a gentleman whose kindness to missionaries is well known in Natal, I rode from Durban to Amanzimtote, which is the seminary of the American mission. We offsaddled at the house of a godly elder of the Congregational church. Turning off the main road, we were led into a shorter path to 'the sweet waters,' which is the meaning of the word Amanzimtote. The appearance of the station is striking, from the good arrangement of the buildings. The seminary stands on higher ground than the rest. Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, and Mr. and Mrs. Robbins welcomed us, Mr. Churchill being an old friend. Mr. Ireland's health has suffered from the climate, and he was just on the

eve of starting for America. I had the pleasure of addressing the students in the evening in their schoolroom. This is neatly furnished and well arranged, and there was a good attendance of intelligent and attentive young men. The Lord own my few words in blessing to their souls! Miss Day, who is working in connection with the mission here, must not be forgotten in this brief notice.

25th.—There was an early morning service of the church, at which, by the request of my brethren, I preached. How blessed it is, in the solemn responsibility of speaking only once in the name of the Lord to a native church, to feel that one has received from Him the very message to be delivered, and the very exhortation which is most needed. I could not ask my brethren whether this was so, but I have enjoyed the sweet assurance daily that the Lord has given me, according to my prayer, His word for the churches to which He sent me. I praise Him for this.

I should have enjoyed a few days here, but I had now been nearly four months away from my mission in Fingoland; and although I knew the Lord would take care of it better than I could, I felt it my duty not to tarry by the way.

Mr. Ireland had been privileged to found the church of Ifumi, a few miles from Amanzimtote, and, wishing very kindly that I should visit the

scene of his labours, and speak to his people, became my guide thither. We rode away in the afternoon, after we had all assembled for prayer, commending the institution and each other to the grace of the Lord. I thanked Mr. Churchill for his kindness, and praised the Lord for having met my American brethren and sisters at Amanzimtote. After a very pleasant ride with my dear brother Mr. Ireland, we reached Ifumi at sunset, and were most kindly received by Mr. Thomas and his wife, who have charge of Mr. Ireland's house. The garden, all my brother's planting, contains some magnificent trees. In the corner of the garden nearest the church there rests the precious body of one who was his companion and helper in the early days of his mission life among the Zulus. Such sacred spots are not uncommon in the mission gardens of Africa, and they form a strong tie to thoughtful and loving hearts with the unseen part of God's creation.

26th.—The church assembled early in the very neat little chapel which my dear brother had built. He gave them some parting words after I had urged them to look alone to the Lord Jesus, and for His name's sake to keep and abide by His teaching in the word of God.

We were obliged to bid each other farewell after breakfast, as I purposed to go on to Umtwalumi, which is a good day's ride from Ifumi. This, how-

ever, was not the Lord's will. I crossed the Umkomass river in a boat with my horses, and rode on to Umginto. Here I had been commended to Mr. Archibald, whom I found to be a nephew of my dear friend Mr. Dyke. He asked me to remain the night at his house. This I felt it right to do, for in Africa men should not pass their friend's friends, if by resting with them a few hours they can afford them any pleasure, or hope to impart to them any blessing. Both of these things should be the Christian's endeavour. I went to his house, and found there a very sick relation, whom I tried to cheer, as he was depressed by his illness. Passed a pleasant evening with Mr. Archibald and his wife.

27th.—Up very early, and on to the house of Mr. Aitken, a member of the Colonial Parliament, who had asked me to visit his aged father, a faithful old Christian, and one who has laboured many years in the gospel. I reached his house about breakfast. He pressed me to stay for the morrow, the Lord's day. He said that there were many European planters round who would be glad to come and hear the word. There was also a native church of the American Mission at Ifafa, two miles off, which I might visit in the morning. These, and the pleasure I might give to his dear old father, decided me to remain, and I enjoyed the rest and conversation with my elder brother very much. I found him to

be one to whom the Bible is, as it ought to be, the voice of the living God. Devoting his life in this land to its study, and putting his searchings into it on paper, he has written two large volumes of its precious truths. I could wish that those books were published, if young Christians would read them as studies of the word of God. There are plenty of religious books and beautiful writings on the truths of Scripture, but there is much need of a book based on God's word, knowing no other authority, in which His eternal truths and decrees are set forth, and proved by reference to His own word. Such a book would be valuable to all who love the word of the Lord.

Feb. 28.—Lord's Day.—Walked to the station of Ifafa. My elder brother started with me, and, thinking that he knew a short cut, took me off the main road. But after toiling up a steep hill through grass above our heads, we found nothing but a dense bush before us. We therefore returned to the main road, and as I had to run on to be in time for the service, I prevailed on him to go back to the house. It was a very hot day, and I did not feel well, but I praised the Lord for the lesson. May no aged Christian, however experienced, lead me off Him, the Way, or off the plain open road of His word. I enjoyed preaching to the church at Ifafa, and in seeing in that happy gathering of Zulu Christians

the Lord's evident blessing on the labours of my dear American brethren in this place. My visit cheered the native minister and the whole church, according to my desire and expectation. Walked back to the house full of praise, very thankful to see my three tired beasts in a roomy paddock, enjoying their Sabbath.

In the afternoon a goodly number of Mr. Aitken's neighbours came to his house. The sitting-room was too small, so we went into the garden, and gathered under the verandah and trees. The Lord gave me as His message the history of the conversion of Cornelius. '*Words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved*' (Acts xi. 14). *God uses words spoken by men testifying concerning the Lord Jesus as His means of salvation through the finished work of the Lord.* The angel who spoke to Cornelius could have told him what Peter did; but God did not permit that. As soon as Peter spoke, Cornelius believed, and the Holy Ghost fell on him and on all who heard the word. *Cornelius believed that through Him of whom Peter spoke, even Jesus of Nazareth, whom they slew, whom God raised up, according to the witness of the prophets, he had, then and for ever, forgiveness of sins.* The Holy Ghost sealed this truth to Cornelius by His presence and power coming on him and his house. I feel sure that I shall find in the glory of the Lord that

He blessed His word to-day. I afterwards walked with a Swedish brother, a missionary, who had been led into what I cannot but regard as the very great mistake of taking a farm to work himself. He was in much trouble, and had suffered very great trials on this account. I sympathized with him most sincerely ; but I could not help feeling, that in inducing him to put himself in this position, Satan had transformed himself into an angel of light, and had thus led him off the plain path of the word of God.

March 1.—Having enjoyed very much the society of my aged brother and his family, and these two unexpected opportunities of testimony, I started early for *Umtwalumi*, another station of the American Mission. I had long wished to see my brother Pinkerton, because he had offered last year to go on in the name of the Lord to ‘the regions beyond,’ and I thus felt for him great love. We soon understood each other, and I greatly enjoyed the few hours of communion we had together. I visited the school with him, and in the evening *we* preached to his church together. We are about the same age ; and I could not help wishing that all the members of the Young Men’s Christian Associations of Canada and the United States could have seen England and America, in the person of their two children, standing side by side and preaching to that Zulu congregation, ‘*not ourselves, but Christ*

Jesus the Lord.' This was the word the Lord gave me. Dear Pinkerton interpreted. I feel sure that that sight would have caused many a young Christian, who is only lame through unbelief, to spring up in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and start off to proclaim that name where it has not been heard. I have always looked upon the annual convention of those Associations at Montreal in 1867 as a period in my life when I received very great spiritual blessing. My love for the Christians of Canada and the United States is a living fire within me, which the waters of the Atlantic cannot quench. The church assembled an hour before sunset, and my brother and I preached till dark. We were both filled with the Spirit of Him whom we preached, and never shall I forget the delight of that service.

March 2.—It will indeed be joyful when we meet to part no more. Meanwhile we must be about our Master's business; and if He has need of us in the crowded cities of Asia, on the plains or in the deserts of Africa, in the deep places of America or Europe, or in the islands of the sea, we must look to it that we are not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience have inherited the promises. My saddle, in which I had expected so much pain, had become to me the most 'easy chair' in which I had ever sat. So I often thought as I tracked away, mile after mile, on *His Majesty's*

service. Bidding my dear brother's wife every blessing from the Lord, according to His promises and her faith, I rode away with him. He guided me a good part of the way to *Umzumbe*, the last of the American mission-stations in Natal, not far from the *Umzimkulu* river. Leaving our horses with Solomon, we went away apart together, knelt on the felt, and entreated our blessed Lord to keep us abiding in Him, and to speed on the preaching of His name and salvation throughout this dark land. We had to part, but it was none the less hard. Oh that, when we meet before the Lord, our work done, we shall receive His testimony that we have been faithful!

Mr. Bridgman and his dear wife are the missionaries at *Umzumbe*. Miss Pinkerton and Miss Welsh have charge of the girls' boarding-school, which has been recently opened. I found my brother suffering from a painful and weakening complaint, to which he has been subject for some years. Might not this point to service for the Lord in America? '*I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,*' are His words. *The field is the world.* He knows no difference between America and Africa, although His servants make a very great difference, according to the weakness of their faith and their ignorance of His will and ways. I was thankful that the Lord gave my brother strength enough to enable

me to enjoy his society during this short visit. I also thank Him that He permits me to enjoy most thoroughly every moment I pass with His children, and not to waste any time in talking about parting. An old Christian general taught me something useful by impressing on my mind one of his favourite maxims : ‘ *It is no use saying what might be ; you must take things as they are.*’

The church assembled in the afternoon, and several heathen came with them, to whom I preached ‘ Jesus, the Life.’ This was my last testimony to the churches of the American Mission, and I felt that I could speak on no other subject, on no other words. How weak, how foolish, how helpless a thing is preaching ! But *He whom we preach is the Life ; and where shall end the effect of one word which He may bless to the soul of a man ?* Be this the strength and comfort of every witness for the Lord. He concerning whom we speak is the Life ; and He will yet, as He has in the past, use the testimony of His servants concerning Him to the salvation of souls. I spoke to several of the heathen outside at the close of the service. They had heard the word of salvation for years, yet ‘ let him that heareth say “ Come ! ” ’ once more. Although I have not noticed it, it has been my practice to salute the Christian men and women at the close of the services throughout my journey,

and, as far as my limited powers allowed me, to assure them of my love for them in the fellowship of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is the least that should be done by any whom the Lord honours to be His messengers to the churches. Less than this might make the native brethren think that their visitor brother was, as it were, a lord over them, instead of an example of love among the flock. The want of this would considerably lessen the effect of his preaching. The evening was passed at the school, where the children sang hymns to their heart's content, and to my very great pleasure. They appeared extremely bright and happy. Contrasting their position in this Christian home with what it would be in a heathen kraal, one could not but bless and praise the Lord, who had put it into the heart of American Christians to establish this mission, and this and other schools among the Zulus.

Thus closed my visit to the mission-stations of the Church of America in South Africa. I could have wished for as much time with the Lord's servants here as I had with their French brethren in Basutoland, but this could not be. Although I was not aware of it, there were then two brethren and their wives on their way from England to labour with me in Africa. The Lord knew it, and He laid it on my mind to journey on, that I might be able to meet

them the sooner. Short as was my visit, it was a testimony of love which I could have given in no other way. I had been to the stations of Esidumbini, Umsunduzi, Inanda, Amanzimtote, Ifumi, Ifafa, Umtwalumi, and Umzumbe. I was sorry not to have seen the stations of Umooti and Mapumulo. These lie north of Umsunduzi, and would have taken my horses another hundred miles. I prayed for guidance, and was led to strike straight across the Noedsberg Mountains from Impolweni to Umsunduzi, instead of going round by Hermansberg to Mapumulo. It did not, therefore, surprise me to learn that, had I gone to Umooti, Mr. Rood, the missionary, would not have been there, as he had left for Basutoland. At Mapumulo I should have seen Mr. Buchanan, with whom I have enjoyed some delightful correspondence ; but as he is not one of the ministers of the Church of America, he did not come within the limit of my prayer for guidance in visiting the American missionaries. It is delightful to observe the *exact answers* of the Lord to the believing prayers of His people.

I have omitted the mention of Mr. Stone, whom I met in Durban. He is engaged in the publication of the Scriptures in the Zulu language. I also met Mr. Mellen for a few moments at Verulam. He was about to go to America with Mr. Ireland.

The Lord has greatly blessed the efforts of the

Church of America among the Zulu tribe of Kaffirs. In a country like Natal, where the natives are intermixed with a white population, the hindrances to evangelization are very great, and the effects of Christian civilisation do not appear so much to advantage as among populations more in the interior. God's ways are not our ways: He has by the Church of America, and other Churches, planted His word in that part of Africa. He has formed a native Church, from which it may be confidently hoped native missionaries will go forth into Central Africa as the way is opened up. I propose to leave the great subject of the evangelization of this vast continent for the closing chapter. Statistics are nothing; they are only the world's calculations on the work of God. They do not give the slightest idea of what has been done, or of the mighty moral power which the gospel of Christ carries with it wherever it is preached. There are evidences of a far more reliable nature, which those who care honestly to inquire into the results of mission work among the heathen of Africa cannot fail to see. I had just crossed the table-land on the Noedsberg Mountains, on my way to Umsunduzi, when I passed a settlement of Zulu Christians. Some eight or ten well-built houses, very neatly thatched, and well arranged, formed a striking contrast to the huts of the heathen which lay beneath them in the valley. God's word and family

prayer, united worship, Christian love, and domestic decency, where, but for the Church of America, there would have been the darkest heathenism, with its degrading obscenities,—these are blessings which it is blessed to give ; and *who can value the privilege of being able to help in such a work ?*

Natal, Emmaus, Pieter-Maritzberg. — The
Langabalile Affair. — Durban. — British
Policy in Natal, etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

I LEFT Solomon making coffee on the banks of the Tugela. Having given the reader some slight sketch of the pleasure then before me in visiting the missionaries of the Church of America, I must return to my faithful Gaika. A poor Zulu with two boys, who were travelling the same road, came up just as we were enjoying our coffee; and although he was about the most stupid Kaffir I ever met, I trust he understood me when I gave him and his boys a good share of our bread and coffee, and told him it was for the love of God who made us, and of His Son the Great Saviour, who loves all, English and Zulu, alike. We then rode on. How transient are earthly pleasures! Solomon had just expressed his satisfaction at learning that while on the march we could thus make coffee, which he likes very much, when, in the middle of the very next stream, he disappeared, horse and all! How well the Lord led us! Had the water been a few inches higher, we could not have crossed these strong mountain

torrents. His horse struck a stone and went over. He was up again in a moment, laughing heartily. He lost his hat, which I replaced by a new one from my saddle-bags. Warned by his ducking, I entered the stream higher, and my horse swam across. An hour's ride brought us to the house of Captain Allison, the magistrate of the district. I saw him on the other side of the river which flows past his house, but he could not cross it. Mrs. Allison was absent, nursing a sick neighbour. Their children gave me a kind welcome, and in return, I endeavoured to tell them of Him whose presence in the heart makes a heavenly home on earth.

Jan. 20.—Captain Allison crossed the river after breakfast, and I was able to spend some hours with him and his children before riding on to *Emmaus*, a German mission-station. He kindly mounted me, and gave me a guide. We first called at a station nearer his house, where I learnt that there was a marriage this day in the house of the missionary at Emmaus. I would not have intruded into any house on such an occasion, but I could not avoid it; and, travelling in the name of the Lord, I knew I should be welcome. Have you ever been the uninvited guest of a marriage-supper? Have you ever, uninvited, found yourself seated next to the bride at a wedding-feast? Such was the pleasure and honour granted me this evening by

the Lord and by His servants. And I thoroughly enjoyed it, because I looked upon it as an answer to prayer. I had been praying much of late for the German missionaries, and *here, in one place*, the Lord brought me *into the midst of a large party of them* at a season of especial happiness! I did enjoy it. Surely it is no wrong to disclose to Christians the privacy of that happy evening. I was surrounded by brethren and sisters talking of the coming and kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, while the bride and bridegroom sat at the piano singing hymns together, in the choruses of which we all joined. The father and mother of the bride, the bride and bridegroom, and all the guests made me heartily welcome; and as I wondered at finding myself quite at home in such an unexpected scene of joy, I thought, Thus will it be with me when all my wanderings are over, and I sit down amid the saints in the kingdom of the Lord.

Jan. 21.—A happy morning with the bridal party. We gave part of it to the study of the word and prayer. It was hard to resist the pressing invitation to remain for a day or two. But the Christian must not be tempted by the pleasures of Christian communion from the cross and service of the Master. Heaven is the appointed place for that. Earth is the sphere for obedience to His command, ‘Go ye into all the world—preach—

teaching.' Those will most enjoy the communion hereafter who have done the hardest work or suffered most for the Master here.

I rode away after the mid-day meal, having given my best and holiest wishes to the bride and bridegroom, and to all that happy home. A heavy Natal thunderstorm, with lightning and thunder, soon confronted us. As it came on, we offsaddled, and, as was my wont, prayed for help and blessing in our journey. We saddled up, rode through a heavy shower into sunshine, until night came. It then began to rain. About an hour after dark we rode up to a house. I thought it might be the mission-station which lies on that road, but it was not. The brightness inside the glass door formed a striking contrast to the cheerless night outside. Hospitality was wanting, and I was therefore thankful to arrive at an hotel at Estcourt, on Bushman's River, at 10 P.M., where I found shelter and food for Solomon and my horses.

Jan. 22.—Visited Mr. Smith, missionary of the Church of England here. Learnt from him that a Basuto chief and his people living in Natal had asked for Christian teachers and a school. Before going on farther, I met the old gentleman at whose house I called last night. He came to the hotel. Thinking he might never meet another man who would tell him of the Lord Jesus the Saviour, and

desiring his salvation, I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and spoke of His love and grace. I told him that many years ago, when I was lost and perishing, I found Christ. A middle-aged Natal 'gentleman,' stout and burly, at once took up my last words.

'And when you found Christ, I suppose you found something very filthy?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I did. It was my own heart, which, like the heart of every man, is desperately wicked. But in the Lord Jesus Christ I found all beauty and salvation.'

This made him very angry; so, having simply repeated that salvation is in the Son of God, and by Him alone, I wished the company good morning, and got on my horse.

I was followed outside by the speaker above referred to, who insulted me, but having been somewhat staggered by the answer he received, he concluded with this piece of advice, which he meant to be friendly: 'You had better not talk in this colony as you have to us, or you will get your head broken!'

I went my way, knowing well that there are plenty of men wicked enough to break a brother's head for telling them of a Saviour from death and of a home in heaven. On the road I met several groups of natives going or coming from the diamond

fields ; and the thanks I received from a small band of Christians for talking to them of the Lord Jesus made me praise God. About an hour after dark, came to an hotel half-way between Estcourt and Pieter-Maritzberg, and there halted.

On Saturday, *January 23*, reached the capital of Natal. I offsaddled, and breakfasted at Howick, or Umgeni as it should be called, because the beautiful falls of the Umgeni are close to the hotel. How grand they are ! How mighty the power of the Lord ! Having seen Niagara, these waters appeared small ; but there is a good volume of river, and the fall is very great. The drift being not far up, waggons and oxen, horses and men, have been swept over the falls !

I had admired the scenery of Natal very much. It is richer and more picturesque than Kaffirland, the Transkei, or Basutoland. The view of the capital from the hills around is very pretty. Old Charlie trotted in over the bridge as if he had not come a yard. The day was hot. The house of the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Smith, was to have been my home, but his wife needed his nursing. I was therefore glad to find quarters in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, whose kindness to the soldiers who had been under my command in Singapore was very great. They had opened their house to them during the three years that my old comrades had

been quartered in the city, and I had frequently heard of their kindness. The Lord had blessed them for it, and among those who had just marched away some acknowledged themselves to be their children in the faith. I heard that afternoon in the town that my old regiment had that day embarked at Durban. They were going to England, and I was remaining in Africa, a volunteer for what the world calls 'the forlorn hope' of Jesus Christ! Wait a bit. The campaign is not yet over. When it is, as God says, *men 'shall know whose words shall stand, mine, or theirs'* (Jer. xliv. 28).

The next day was the Lord's day, and I preached both to my own countrymen and to the natives. There is no need to record how I passed the ten days I remained here. I visited Edendale, a native village founded by Mr. James Allison, who now, while I am writing, is rejoicing in the joy of his Lord. It was my happiness to meet this faithful missionary after leaving Maritzberg, and it is no small joy to me to know that my visit brightened the last days of his earthly labours. I spoke in the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan churches, and especially enjoyed addressing a large number of children in the Wesleyan church. The aged founder of that Sunday school praised the Lord with tears. He told me that he had never seen so many children assembled together in that city, and he saw in that

gathering an answer to many prayers. ‘*They know not the voice of strangers,*’ was the word given me to these lambs in a city full of wolves; and I felt that the Good Shepherd spoke by me, as I was only speaking of Him. This subject was given me by a little girl who was not old enough to talk, but who, when I entered her father’s house the day before, passed by me, although I spoke lovingly to her, and ran into her father’s arms.

Pieter-Maritzberg is the city of Colenso. Can I leave it without noticing him? Gladly would I do so, but the word of God commands His servants in these days to contend for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints. He was away when I entered it, but he came back before I left. His friends purposed a triumphant entry. A carriage and four was sent out to meet him, but the Lord sent back the horses and the pole. As they were going, the horses ran away, and the carriage was smashed to pieces. He mercifully spared the men, and Colenso came back to his city in the ‘bus’! There are certain things the Lord will not allow. Next day he preached, comparing himself to the holy Son of God, whom he denies; and the fickle burghers of Maritzberg, who had stigmatized him as a traitor on account of the Langabalile business, and had declared they would not have him for a preacher, crowded to hear him! In regard to his

work and his labours as a missionary, which Dean Stanley eulogizes, they have been confined to doing incalculable injury both among his own countrymen and the natives. His pernicious writings have driven light, hope, and happiness from many a home in Africa. One pamphlet on polygamy sent twenty-three men who had embraced the doctrines of the Lord Jesus, in one mission alone, back to all the filthiness of heathenism. Only the day will reveal the extent of the evil this man has done to souls in South Africa and elsewhere. There is no man I pity more than I do him. His teaching is losing power, thank God; and when he is gone, except the souls he has injured, there will be no trace of his 'missionary labours'!

As for the Langabalile business, it was *a mistake from first to last*. It is a mistake for merchants to traffic in guns. Whatever may be said about armies being a necessity, *the trade in guns made for killing men is iniquitous*. If those merchants' children are murdered by the guns their fathers sold, it will be a righteous judgment. It is a mistake, when this trade is either open or tacitly allowed, to register guns. Let the Colonial Secretary give every native credit for one gun; and if he knows the number of the male adult population, he has the number of arms in the tribe without further trouble. It was a mistake to send armed men against rebels, and tell

them not to use their arms. It was a mistake to praise the treachery by which Langabalile was taken. It was a mistake to try Langabalile in that way. Had he been tried by English law, the nation would have been satisfied. According to Kaffir law, he should not have been tried at all. The Kaffir law is, that a rebel suffers death by the first man who meets him. But should this not be done, *if a chief meets a chief*, he is pardoned. His meeting with the Government, his chief in Kaffir eyes, was his pardon by Kaffir law. It was a mistake for Colenso to represent the conduct of his fellow-countrymen as severe towards those rebels. It must be a matter of wonder to every soldier, who understands how easily men are excited in such circumstances as those in which the Natal colonists were placed, that there was so little bloodshed. It was a mistake for the ministers to give the Government a character. The ministers of the Church of Christ have nothing to do with earthly government, except to preach loyalty and obedience. Had they, instead of that address, written as a body to the Churches in Great Britain, explaining the real state of affairs in Natal, Colenso would not have been looked upon as an inspired apostle when he arrived in England, and the ministers would have saved their fellow-countrymen from much undeserved blame. It was a mistake for the English nation to believe an infidel

bishop against the people of Natal. On all occasions of rebellion and riot in our colonies, cruelty and oppression on the side of the Government are usually the work of *the Government natives*. People unacquainted with this class have no idea how, when opportunity offers, they use their position *as servants of Government to oppress their own countrymen*. This is, however, the case. Many innocent natives were maltreated by the Government natives during the Langabalile affair. Their kraals were entered, their property taken, and some were thrown into prison at Pieter-Maritzberg for no offence, and *not released until they had paid bribes to the Government natives*. Every officer who has served the Government as long as I have, and who has taken the trouble to look into these things, will know that what I have written is the truth. However careful a governor may be, and I believe that no man could have been more so than Sir Benjamin Pine, excesses on the part of native subordinates on such occasions cannot be avoided. Langabalile was a rebel, and a determined rebel. Trading in guns is sin, and the registering of guns is folly. This cannot, however, justify his opposition to the law. The mercy of God preserved the land from much bloodshed, and, as it always must be, 'the wrath of man' praises Him.

From the Christians in Pieter-Maritzberg I re-

ceived a kind welcome. The Christians of South Africa are not yet acquainted with 'evangelists,' as unordained preachers of the gospel are in these days usually called. There is consequently some difficulty in being received by them. Where, however, Christians are sufficiently taught to know that the Lord still gives gifts in His Church, and that the Holy Ghost, not man, calls to the preaching of the gospel, there is much love and a warm welcome.

Having enjoyed the privilege of giving a few days' testimony to the Lord Jesus in the citadel of Colenso, and especially the happy communion in the 'Soldier's Home,'—dear Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey's house,—I rode away, on 2d February, to *Impolweni*, a mission-station of the Free Church of Scotland, which was then in charge of the Rev. James Allison, the founder of Edendale. This faithful servant of the Lord gave me a father's and a brother's welcome to his home. He was waiting for me with his people; and nowhere in Africa have I felt the power of Christian welcome more than in my visit to this aged servant of God. I did feel honoured in the warmth of his joy at my visit that the Lord should have allowed me to minister any pleasure to His so honoured servant. He told me that he and his church had joined in the Prayer Union I had proposed on my return to Africa, and that it had been

an occasion of conversion and revival. Next morning I addressed the church under the trees outside the house. Among them was the cup-bearer of the once terrible Zulu chief, Chaka. He was introduced to me. I had been speaking of the unchangeable word of God by Christ, and remarked to the old man that though Chaka's word was once mighty in his tribe, it was not like the word of the Lord Jesus. 'No,' he said; 'Chaka is dust.' The rest of the day I sat a willing listener, while, at my request, the veteran soldier of Christ briefly told me the story of his life labours. It was a lovely day; and what greater pleasure could I have than to sit under the shade of a tree and listen to such a tale of the grace and power of the Lord Jesus? James Allison has since this gone to the reward of eternal glory. It will therefore not hurt him, while it will edify and stir up the Church of Christ, to give a sketch of his life. The son of an officer who had fought in the Peninsula and then emigrated to the Cape, he was converted in man's estate, and at once offered himself to the Wesleyan Society as a missionary. Brought up in the colony, and inheriting his father's courage, his birth and education were used of the Lord for the furtherance of His kingdom. He sought independent work in fields where the name of Christ had never been heard. His first service was in 1832 to the Griquas, at Bouchapp, near Hart

River. In 1834 he went alone with his wife to the Mantetés, a fierce marauding tribe near the Drakenberg Mountains, on the north side of the Caledon river. After three years' labour in this tribe, a marvellous work of God commenced. Two slaves who had escaped from the Boers, named Abraham and Martha, were first converted, and then, when the nature of conversion was seen and understood, in a few days one hundred and eighty heathen men and women professed to believe in Christ. Persecution now commenced, and in 1841 he moved to the Barolong tribe, at Thabanchu. Two years later he went to Lishuani, and in 1844 he visited the Amaswasi tribe with the Rev. Mr. Giddy, with the view of forming a mission in that tribe. *Leaving two native preachers with them, he returned for Mrs. Allison, Abraham, and nine Manteté converts, with whom he went back to the Amaswasi. The result of the labours of these native preachers with his own was so great, that in less than two years, when war broke out in the Amaswasi tribe, thirty Christians and four hundred inquirers went with Mr. Allison into Natal.* The Government gave him ground for a station at Indaleni, where he founded his first Christian village. In 1851 he felt obliged by the circumstances of the mission to leave the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He went forth trusting in the Lord, who did not forsake him. Those whom he had led to

the faith of Christ from among the Mantetés and Amaswasi would not part from him. He found himself obliged to make a Christian settlement. The native Christians urged him to obtain land for them from Government. This he did, and the village of Edendale was formed. This village, as I saw it, is a wonderful testimony to the labours of this faithful servant of the Lord. The ground was bought and paid for, and he showed me the document on which, with so much faith and patience, he had kept the record of the small irregular payments of his native brethren, until the sum of £1800 was raised. How the Lord guided and blessed him in this undertaking; how He provided for and helped him when in 1861 he moved into Pieter-Maritzberg, and commenced a mission among the neglected native population of that town; how in eighteen months he formed a congregation; in what way one, and then another house of prayer was built; how, after his joining the Free Church of Scotland in 1867, he was led to open a new mission at Impolweni, which he subsequently hoped would be the Gordon Mission Centre;—all these events showed the mighty hand of the Lord in whom he had trusted, and gave me occasion again and again, while I listened, to bless and praise His holy name. What a record of service! How honourable! A life given to the Lord and to the rescue of ignorant heathen from the

bondage of darkness ! He had passed through many dangers and privations, but, like most of the Lord's faithful servants, his greatest trials had come from the unkindness of his brethren. All his trials are over now ! Blessed be the Lord, who bore His servant through so much, and gave him strength and energy to the last. Next day, Feb. 4, he was up before the sun, rode into Pieter-Maritzberg, did a good deal of business, and returned by sunset, making a ride of thirty-six miles without any apparent fatigue. This at the age of seventy-three. He was up at an early prayer meeting next morning, took me for a ride over the farm after breakfast, and during the remainder of the day, at my request, continued the story of his eventful life. In the evening I gave his church a parting address, urging them to abide in the Lord Jesus as their life and strength. The dear old man was up again very early on the 6th Feb., when I bade him farewell, to see his face again in the glory of God. I will not here close my notice of him, but I will add, as one of the Lord's seals to my visit to this field, what he wrote in a letter to me, dated Feb. 27 :—‘ My dear brother, your visit to Impolweni has indeed proved a blessing from the Lord to all in my house, and to my dear people. Since I have been a missionary, no visit which I have been favoured with has left such an abiding impression of Christian love

on my mind as yours. It is one which will last, I fully believe, until my dying day.' We read the word and prayed together frequently. He was called to the Lord on March 21st, six weeks after my visit !

I have already taken the reader to the mission-station of Umsunduzi, to visit Mr. Tyler of the American Mission, and on by Verulam and Inanda to Durban ; so we will trot down the main road to that city, which I reached, as before mentioned, on the 13th February. The house of the Congregational minister was my home, and I enjoyed speaking to his church, morning and evening, on the following day. Durban is the port of Natal and of Pieter-Maritzberg. It has increased in importance since the days that Allan Gardiner established a mission on the hill which rises behind the bay, and which he named Berea. Here he preached Christ to the Zulu, and planted a flower to spring up hereafter in resurrection glory,—a little daughter whose body sleeps on this hill. I received a warm welcome from a few of the Lord's servants at Durban, and found among them, as at the capital, one or two whose delight is prayer. This greatly cheered me. Herein is the guarantee of certain blessing. Two aged brethren at Pieter-Maritzberg give the hour from 5 to 6 A.M. daily to prayer, thereby shaming many younger ones, who give it to sleep. The sol-

diers of my old regiment had found friends here, as at the other stations. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood were away, but I had the pleasure of seeing and thanking Mrs. Archibald, whose little house must have expanded with her large heart to receive the number of my old comrades who sometimes spent the evening in her society. Blessed are the mothers who care for soldiers !

I spent ten days between Durban and Pinetown, where I visited an aged Scotch minister and his family, and other friends. Two calls on the road at Mr. and Mrs. Brook's house refreshed me by converse on the glorious hope of the blessed coming of the Lord. This is a subject rarely spoken of by Christians in South Africa, and as I feel called upon to draw their hearts to the person of the Lord Jesus, and His living power in them by the Holy Ghost, rather than to introduce a subject which would only spend the few moments of our intercourse in controversy, I am especially refreshed when I meet those who are looking for His glorious coming, and are happy in speaking about it. I preached in Durban in the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan churches. In so doing the Lord gave me the desired opportunity of cheering a fellow man, in whose trial I sincerely sympathised, but to whom I could not express my sympathy without intrusion. The Governor, Sir Benjamin

Pine, had just heard of his recall ; and being able to judge as well as any man in Africa, and better than any in England, the merits of the Langabalile affair, I felt for him as a wronged man. He attended the service in the Presbyterian Church when I preached there. I went after the service to visit a dear young friend, and happened to meet him. I was satisfied by the brightness of his face that, for the time at least, the eternal truths he had been hearing had drawn his mind from the trials of this passing scene. For ministering any comfort to him I thanked the Lord. I thank Him more so now, as I have heard of an act of justice which he performed, in opposition to the wishes of the Government officials, when he first went to Africa, by which he doubtless kept peace between the Pondos and the Natal Colony, and saved the good name of England from a shameful blot.

I have already given notes of my journey from Durban to Umzumbe, the American mission-station close to the Umzimkulu river, the southmost border of Natal. Thence I started early on the 3d March for the upper drift of the Umzimkulu. The scenery of the Umzumbe valley was grand, but the road was heavy. After a hard day's ride, I arrived at dark at the house of Mr. Walker, an Irish gentleman, who has certainly shown white men and black what a man can do, by God's blessing, with knowledge and

energy. It is very pleasant to feel welcome in such a house. At a mission-station a travelling preacher expects a welcome, but not when arriving late and uninvited at other houses. The evening was passed in a drawing-room which would have been a good room in any country house in England. Conversing with Mrs. Walker and her daughter in this room reminded me of happy days and scenes gone by, and contrasted strangely with my present life. But while my body enjoyed the softness of the cushions, and my spirit the pleasure of their converse on the things of God, I felt no desire to give up the toil and the cross in Africa, for the best hall or manor-house and the most charming society in England.

Mr. Walker takes a practical interest in the elevation of the African natives. After a good night's rest, he took me to see his garden, part of which, for richness of colour and variety of shrub, would excel many good gardens in England; and in part of it he cultivates tea, the growth of which in this climate he hopes to develop among the natives. It will be a very great benefit to the whole colony if he succeeds. We afterwards rode round his farm. The enclosure of his native tenants' grounds, the little plots of tea plants here and there in their fields, tell of wise effort to promote their comfort. Resisting the temptations of a weary body, and the warm invitations of my kind host and his family to

take rest with them for a few days, I started after the mid-day meal for the Umzimkulu. Passing a mission-station of the Church of England, I halted and prayed with the young missionary, and then rode on until dark. Neither Solomon nor I knew the road, but we trusted to the goodness of the Lord and the instinct of our horses. When dismounted, we marched together, singing Kaffir hymns. The first verses of the first might thus be rendered :

‘ Thou, Lord Jesus, Thyself only
Bare away our sin ;
Thou didst die, in suffering lonely,
Us from death to win.

‘ All the errors of Thy people
Were effaced by Thee ;
Thou didst purge their guilt for ever,—
They are safe and free ! ’

Such thoughts make the darkest nights light, and the roughest roads smooth. Truly they assured us of a Presence with us which cheered our hearts. I had been told that the farm-house where I had been invited to rest for the night lay some distance from the road. There was no moon, and as darkness fell the sky clouded over. But I felt sure the Lord would make the stars shine at the right time. So it was. After marching for an hour—not seeing the road before us—the stars shone brightly, and I soon saw the trees of the welcome farm-house. Mr. Hancock was not at home, but his wife, the sister of some dear friends,

gladly received the benighted stranger. Next morning her brother-in-law came to breakfast. And having enjoyed my short visit, I rode on and crossed the Umzimkulu, not knowing whither I was to go. I had been invited by Mr. Dower, of the London Missionary Society, to visit his station in Adam Kok's country. Adam Kok is the Griqua or Hottentot chief, and Mr. Dower's mission is at his great place, called Kok Stadt. To visit him was to go nearly a hundred miles out of my road. I was very tired, and I doubted whether my horses would last out. But I remembered my prayers when coming to Africa, both from Singapore and afterwards from England, that the Lord would make me a witness for Him in this land. So, trusting His strength for myself and my beasts, I turned off the main road to the colony, and travelled on to the country of Adam Kok.

But before I leave Natal, I must write a few lines on the policy of the Home Government towards the natives in that colony. God forbid that I should write one word against the Government of my country. 'Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft,' whether against God or man. There are, however, many things in *the laws by which the natives in Natal are governed, of which, I am sure, nearly every member of Parliament and responsible person in Great Britain is entirely ignorant.* As they are answerable to God and man for these laws, it is right they should know

something about them. Were it a matter of colonial legislation only, I should not think it right in this book to notice them. But these things, which are crying evils, and threaten to ruin the colony of Natal, are laws forced on the Zulu Kaffirs by the Government of Great Britain itself. They are laws from Downing Street, from the Colonial Secretary, and *they come to the Zulu Kaffirs as the combined wisdom and will of the great Queen of England and her lawgivers and people.* I am well aware that they are the suggestions of the Natal Colonial Secretaries from time to time, and therefore the Home Government should not be blamed for them. But these evils ought to be remedied as soon as possible, and I hope that this book may be read by some members of Parliament who, in the interest of a large English colony and a large Kaffir tribe, will insist on their abolition or amelioration.

These laws relate,—

1st. To marriage.

2d. To the protection of the natives by English law.

3d. To the native reserves.

1st. I can hardly expect to be believed, and many will say I am misinformed, but I am not. *The present law of marriage forced on the Zulu Kaffirs, under the sanction of the British Parliament and nation, is, that no native in the colony of Natal (however poor) can marry without paying a fee of*

five pounds to the British Government. Again, that any native marrying a girl, widow, or divorced woman, MUST pay the price demanded for her by her father or guardian, not exceeding ten head of cattle for common people, or about £120.

Were ever such laws heard of as having the sanction of the English nation? The first is an absurd attempt to stop polygamy! The second is a foolish endorsement of Kaffir law.

2d. As to the protection of the natives by English law.—There are now living in the colony of Natal many hundreds of natives who, having been born and brought up under the British Government, and instructed by missionaries, are desirous of leaving the heavy bondage of the Kaffir laws of their heathen fathers, and putting themselves and their families under the protection and freedom of English law. It might be expected that the support of such men would be the object of Government. But it seems not. The present law is, that ‘*a native can only be released from native law by fourteen years’ continuous residence in the colony, a good character, a certain amount of personal wealth, and the abjuration of all family and tribal rights*’ (Law 28 of 1865). This law has been in existence about fifteen years as a colonial law. Not more than ten natives have been able to come under its provisions, on account of *the personal property demanded as a right of British*

citizenship ! *Were this foolish law abolished, and any native of good character permitted the rights of a British subject on payment of a fee of £1 for the crown stamp, the colony and Government of Natal would have to-morrow the ready support of hundreds of intelligent and loyal natives, whose interest it would be to uphold the power of the British Government, and so help forward the civilisation of Africa. It is impossible to note, in the brief space such a subject should occupy in this book, all the evils of the present law ; but suffice it to say, that it is a source of weakness to the Government of the colony, and a cruel iron band on the necks of the Christian and civilised Zulus. Under the present British law of Natal, a Zulu widow—a Christian—who has been married to a Zulu Christian by Christian rites, becomes with her children, on her husband's decease, the personal property of the nearest heathen male relative of her husband ! She and her children become his slaves. Her husband's property is not hers !*

Can anything be worse than this ? I trust that any British lady who has influential friends will let them read this. *This is Kaffir law, which the British nation enforces on natives who are weary of its bondage, and long for the protection of the laws of the Government under which they live, and to which they pay taxes !* I have before me the Natal Blue Book for 1872, and I know that *all I write is truth.*

3d. *Native Reserves*.—These are simply ‘*preserves for heathenism and barbarism*,’ and festering sores in the very heart of the colony. They are large tracts thrown out on the map of the colony, to be habitations for *any natives who choose to live in them*, and in which they are to be *undisturbed in their habits*,—*their sole obligation* to the Government of Natal being that, 1st, They pay annually 7s. for each hut; 2d, They pay £5 for each marriage.

What is the object of these native locations? On what ground of right or sense have they been made? *If they were tracts of ground given to the original possessors of the soil in which they could live quietly after the manner of their fathers, this would be just and good;* but it is not the case. On the contrary, they are nothing but reservoirs for Kaffirs who refuse civilisation, and for outcasts from tribes beyond the borders, who come into the colony to perpetuate barbarism and ignorance, and to foment discontent. *What is the effect of this system?* Natives having many wives need no other labourers! They plough, and their wives till large tracts of land. The man sells £200 or £300 worth of mealies every year,—no exaggeration! He buys another wife. He is not obliged to send his children to school, because he is in ‘a native location,’ where no missionary or white man may trouble him! He will not send his children to school. He walks about

quite naked on the Queen's highway. His boys hunt, and his young men paint, and go about to large beer gatherings, where the internal weakness of the colony in reference to war is freely discussed, and a spirit of restless dissatisfaction with British rule is promoted. Thus, by this very arrangement, the Government is hindering the civilisation of the natives, and perpetuating barbarism in the heart of this large colony. Contempt for the colonists and for the native Christians, who are all on the side of the British Government, and earnestly desire the protection of the British laws, increases more and more. Unless the Government insists that the natives on these locations dress themselves decently, send their children to school, and do not marry more wives than they have already, and if none, only take one woman as a wife, it would be far better to abolish these native locations, or reserves, altogether.

The sooner that every native subject of the British Crown in South Africa is allowed to enjoy the rights of a British citizen, and the protection of British law, should he so desire it, the better for the Government, the colony, and the natives of South Africa. I hope that the British Parliament and nation will not delay to confer this favour on many hundreds of deserving African people, who earnestly long for it.

I must now leave Natal. I have hardly noticed its coffee plantations and sugar fields, its lovely

climate and its rich beauty. My heart is more concerned in the prosperity of the souls dwelling in it. May the Lord work a work of mercy in it, and send forth His word from it to the tribes beyond ! He has a few of His praying people there, and I look in due time for an answer to their prayers. May a more enlightened policy give domestic liberty to many of its native citizens, and remove some of the hindrances to civilisation and Christianity ! In reference to the great evil of polygamy, I have no doubt that the Government *only recognising a man's first wife as his lawful wife* would cause it to cease in another generation. The African natives are very amenable to law and order. If Chaka, speaking the word, could abolish circumcision in his tribe, the British Government, the authority and power of which is supreme with the natives, could sweep away that evil among those Kaffir tribes in which it still exists, as well as the far greater evil of polygamy.

I continued my journey to Adam Kok's country, and having partaken of the hospitality of Mr. Stafford, whose house was on the road thither, I reached Kok Stadt at sunset on 6th March. It had been a hard journey from Durban, with much work ; and when I reached Mr. Dower's house, fatigue resulted in fever. But well had I been led by my

Master. I knew not why I pressed on to reach this mission for this particular Lord's day, until I heard on the road yesterday that there was to be a large political gathering on the following Monday, to hear the decision of the British Government on the transfer of the country, and that there was to be an assembly of all the churches on the Lord's day, which, in consequence of the above meeting, would be an unusually large one. How greatly I enjoyed those nights of fever! They told me that this body cannot last for ever, and that soon toil and trial must cease. They gave me sweetest communion with the Lord. How greatly I enjoyed preaching to the assembled Griqua churches! How I praised the Lord for bringing me on hither! Unable to think much, I prayed the more earnestly that the Holy Ghost would open my lips; and I never felt His power in me more sweetly than on this Lord's day. I preached, morning, to Kaffirs and Basutos; afternoon, to the Griqua churches; and then addressed a woman's prayer meeting.

On Monday the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new church took place. The ground had been given to the London Missionary Society by Adam Kok. This event caused the postponement of the political meeting until next day. I did not go to it, but when it was over, called, as an act of courtesy, on the old chief. Mr. Dower and his

wife having arranged to go into Durban this week, I could not remain longer here; but the Lord had graciously provided a very special place of rest for me in the house of His servant, Mrs. Jenkins, the widow of a Wesleyan missionary among the Pondos. His station, *Umgundisweni*, was distant from Kok Stadt about thirty-five miles. Thither I rode on Wednesday morning. Never was rest more grateful to me than here. I told my dear elder sister, after I had introduced myself to her, that when I had prayed for the Lord's blessing on our meeting and my visit to her husband's station, that I must go to bed, as I was worn out. Thus my diary briefly records the events of March 11, 12, 13 :—' Resting sweetly. Christian love. Dear Mrs. Jenkins' house is a haven of rest, and her motherly care and kindness refreshed me greatly.' The husband of this servant of the Lord had been a companion of Mr. James Allison's at Bouchapp in 1832, and in 1837 came into Pondoland, to preach the gospel in this large heathen tribe. In 1845 he founded the station of *Palmerton*, and in 1863 that of *Umgundisweni*. How greatly he won the esteem and confidence of Faku, the great Pondo chief, and his people, is proved by the almost filial reverence with which his widow is treated by the present chief and the Pondo tribe. It is very easy for white men to abuse the African people, of whose qualities most of them are

very ignorant ; but I doubt whether in any nation of Europe, the widow of a sovereign, however good, would be treated with the same chivalrous delicacy with which the Pondo chief and people treat the widow of their late missionary ! Let one instance suffice for all. The Pondos had been beaten in a battle, in which some of the people of a mission-station had been compelled to take part against them. Having assembled an army, the Pondo chief, Umkokela, marched against his enemies. His people wished to revenge themselves on that mission-station, of which Mrs. Jenkins' brother was the missionary. Umkokela would not allow it. '*How shall I ever look the wife of my old teacher in the face ?*' He was urged to let the cattle be taken, the people spared. Not at all ! The army remained there four days. Not a thing was touched. It then returned back in peace ! So great is the influence, of this good woman over this tribe, that she is called 'The Queen of the Pondos.' Her knowledge of the natives and her judgment are rare gifts, and rarer still the Christian grace with which she has welcomed Bishop Calloway, and used her influence to obtain for him the support and favour of Umkokela and his people. She loves the Pondos, and she wisely judges that if her own Church will not take up in earnest the evangelization of this large and important tribe, she is acting in their best interest in trying to obtain

for them the teaching of Bishop Calloway and his fellow-labourers.

I preached to this Pondo church on the 14th March, the Lord's day, and in the evening had a meeting with some Europeans in the house of Mr. Cameron, the present missionary at this station. Next day I was obliged to leave my kind mother, and a carriage, which her forethought had obtained for me from a neighbour, one of her friends, Mr. Smith, a lover of missionaries, took me on to Palmerton, where I found a hospitable welcome in the house of Mr. Henry White. A letter from Bishop Calloway, telling me that he hoped to come in and see me next day, caused me to rest here until Thursday, when, supposing that he was detained by business, I rode on to the *Umzimvobo*, or *St. John's River*, to the home of Mr. Pemberton White, brother of the friend whose house I left. Next day my host took me in a boat, with his wife and children, to the Gates of St. John, as the rocks at the mouth of this river are called. I enjoyed the row, the scenery, the breakfast on the beach, and above all, the communion in the Lord with my dear brother. We read Ephes. i. as we sat together, with the Gates of St. John open before us,—fit emblem of the narrow entrance to the way of life, of the mighty rocks of everlasting truth which overhang and protect it, and of the river of the water of life which flows in

ceaseless love along it, so that weary travellers may drink thereof and neither faint nor die !

Next morning, marched at sunrise. Reached *Buntingville*, a Wesleyan mission-station, about two hours after dark. Journey, fifty miles over a rough country. The brother of my dear friend Warner, of Mount Arthur, had long been waiting to see me, and from him and his wife I received a hearty welcome.

March 21.—Preached to the Pondo church on the history of Caleb, who wholly followed the Lord. Afternoon, on prayer, its power and blessing. Next day my brother Warner and I gave ourselves to prayer and the study of the word—Col. ii. The afternoon I spent alone with the Lord, desiring to be prepared for whatever might be His will for me on my return to the Transkei. I had not heard from England for three months, and I knew not what might be the result of my wife's letters, whether fresh service in Africa or a call to my own land. These letters were waiting for me at Clarkbury, the next day's march, and I desired to read them with a mind entirely subject to the Lord's will in everything.

I spoke once more to this Pondo church on Ephes. i. before leaving on Tuesday. My brother rode with me in the afternoon to a Tembu church across the Umtata, where we rested for a night at the

house of the native evangelist, W. Sigenu. It will ever be a pleasure to me to remember this evening. A message we sent had not been delivered. The husband was absent. His wife was suffering from headache. We arrived after dark with two servants. No lady in England could have received us with more grace than did this daughter of Africa. She insisted on preparing us food; made up two beds for us, screened off like her own bed-place. How beautifully clean everything was in that Kaffir hut! Her three little children never uttered a sound all night. Truly it was a wonderful visit. I enjoyed speaking to the people next morning on our Lord's words, 'Abide in me;' after which we prayed for a blessing on her absent husband, and herself and children in her own house, and so I parted from her and from my dear brother Warner. *Ladies of England, let nothing hinder you from doing all you can for the women of Africa.* Believe a man who is not a liar, and who knows what he is writing about. These poor African women, now sunk in heathenism and slavery by polygamy, are capable of being elevated to the enjoyment of all the blessings of God which you enjoy. Help us who are trying to help them; help us by prayer, help us by means.

We crossed the Bashee river an hour before sunset; and with a heart full of praise, I reminded Solomon how wonderfully the Lord had passed us

through all the rivers in our long journey during the rainy season. Once more, after more than three years' wanderings, I entered the mission-house of Clarkbury. This time I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hargreaves, the missionary, who was absent during my first visit. He and his dear wife made me very welcome, and I thanked and praised the Lord that this journey was now virtually over.

The long-expected packet of letters was opened after much prayer, and I learned that two brethren from England, with their wives, had arrived in Cape Town, to join me in preaching the name of the Lord Jesus to the Galeka Kaffirs. My heart had been much touched by the neglected state of this tribe from the first time that I heard about them, and met Kreli, their chief, and some of his councillors, in January 1872. I had often felt since my return to Africa that I could not go back to England, to enjoy the comforts of my home, and the longed-for society of my wife and child, until I had made some effort to bring to these perishing heathens His name which is all my salvation, which is life and light. The whole colony of South Africa would benefit by the elevation of this important tribe. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, with which I have been working, has two missions in that part of the tribe nearest the colony, but in the large tract of country near the Bashee no missionary had laboured,

and there were thousands of Galekas there who had never heard the name of God or of Christ. I had written to my dear wife to send out two brethren to labour among this people when I should return to England, and now they were come ! This was a call to instant and renewed exertion. Good is the word of the Lord. I felt my own weakness very deeply, but I knew the power of the Lord Jesus, and that if He has work for a man to do He will give him strength to do it. Truly He has proved it to me many a time, and He will not fail me now.

On the 27th March, after much brotherly communion with dear Mr. Hargreaves, having given my testimony to the large native church under his care, I rode to Ngamakwe, where I found my kind friend Captain Blyth, his wife and children, looking all the better for the visit they had made to England last year. It was like being at home again as I entered the bright, happy company of these dear children, after a ride in the dark ; and I could not help thanking the Lord, who gives so much happiness to men, sinners as we all are.

The next day I went unexpectedly to the church at the Incisininde, and to my great joy found it well filled, and learned from the faithful elders that nearly forty souls had been added to the church during my absence. Thus had the faithful Lord answered my prayers, and poured out His blessing on this

church and people. I visited the other churches of my Fingo mission-field, or called their elders to see me as soon as I could, and had the joy to know that there had been no trouble among them during my visit to the churches in the other tribes, and that altogether more than fifty souls had been added unto the Lord. Thus had the Lord kept these native churches, according to my confidence in Him.

‘Advance.’—Support Needed.—
Wherefore Delay?

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was hard and desperate work for the outlying picquets of the British army at Inkerman on the 5th November 1854. They had to hold their ground against masses of the enemy, waiting for support from the camp. At length it came. As the army moved up into position, one of the officers in command of the skirmishing line bade his bugler sound the 'Retire,' as an order for the picquets to fall back. The bugler lifted his bugle to his lips, turned towards the slowly advancing regiments, and, with a blast that rang above the rattle of the musketry, sounded the '*Advance!*' 'I told you to sound the "Retire,"' said the officer. 'I know you did, sir,' was the bugler's reply, '*but I cannot help it;*' and he turned once more to the advancing line of his own army, and with desperate energy sounded the '*Advance.*'

This is a true story. The officer was right according to the custom of war, but the God of battles inspired the bugler's heart. The notes of the

‘Retire’ would have been a disheartening sound to the advancing army. The cheery call to ‘*advance*’ gave courage to every man who heard it. The officer was soldier enough to appreciate the bravery of the bugler. Battle and parade are two different things. The skirmishing line could not advance for the weight of their enemies. No harm was done by this disobedience of orders, and the story is now written as a moral to the army of the Lord Jesus Christ, engaged in desperate battle against the powers of darkness in this world.

The outlying picquets of the great King’s army, stretching in a long chain across the whole earth, have hot work just now. Africa in the centre, America and China, with their islands, on either flank, are parts of the field in which the effort to gain ground is hardest. There is stiff work in many other corners of the battle-field. Eagerly do the eyes of the skirmishers turn now and again to the camps in Great Britain, Europe, and America for support and reinforcement. Some there are, who call themselves Christians, who profess to believe in God and in Christ, who would sound either ‘Halt’ or ‘Retire’ to the outlying picquets of the army, while at the same time they openly say that sending out supports is useless. I am one of the buglers in the King’s army; so, in the face of all who thus deny His power and word, I put the bugle He has

given me to my lips. Oh that this pen could ring out a blast like the archangel's trumpet! I would blow the '*Advance*' so loudly, that I would make the roof of every church and Christian home in Great Britain, Europe, and America crash with the sound—'*Advance!*' '*Advance!*' '*Advance!*'

Brethren in the skirmishing line, cheer up! Whoever among you reads this book, cheer up! As it was with the riflemen at Waterloo and their chief, so is it with us to-day and our Chief. He sees and knows, and His smile cheers us as He says, 'Hard work this, gentlemen; never mind, let us see who will pound the longest.' 'Ye have need of patience: that after ye have done the will of God ye may receive the reward.'

But wherefore the delay in sending out support? *It is no fault of the Chief's. He gave the order for the advance eighteen hundred years ago;* and from His mountain of holiness He is watching how His generals, captains, and soldiers are carrying out His orders. It was the darkest night in the whole Peninsular campaign, when the Duke of Wellington was told that, after desperate fighting, the assault on the town of Badajoz had failed. '*Badajoz must be taken,*' was all he said. It was enough for his officers and men. One of his soldiers threw himself on the sword-blades of the *chevaux-de-frise*, that his comrades might find a way in over his body. The

place was won. ‘*The gospel must be published among all nations.*’ Thus our Chief has spoken. Is not this enough for His soldiers? What shall I answer? As far as Africa is concerned, David Livingstone has thrown his body on the *chevaux-de-frise* which barred access to the citadel of this great continent, and has made a way for any who may be able to follow! Others have opened other ways into other parts of the enemy’s fortress; and if they have fallen in single combat, they have not given their lives for Christ their Lord in vain. ‘Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.’

Our great King has ordered His army to advance. Why the delay? Excuse a soldier, who has studied the missionary question for years, writing plainly. Excuse the figures under which he has just spoken.

The professing Church cries, and the world echoes, ‘*Wherefore is there a lack of missionaries?*’ ‘Behold, I told you before,’ says the Lord of Glory, ‘*iniquity shall abound, and the love of many shall wax cold.*’ So it must be. Blessed are they who endure faithful to the end. But let us look into the causes of this coldness. They are, firstly, *Unbelief in the success of what are called foreign missions.* This means nothing less than unbelief in the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Secondly, *The luxury and self-indulgence of the*

Church, and of the training of the proposed ministers of the gospel. Thirdly, The virtual denial of the Holy Ghost as God dwelling in each individual believer, and able to will and do in him and by him the whole will of God.

These are the main causes why there is any lack of men for the mission work of the Church in the distant parts of the earth. What weakness I feel as I attempt to write on this great subject! But I am writing in the cause of the Lord, and He will perfect His strength in my weakness, and use my pen for the furtherance of His kingdom and glory, according to my earnest prayer.

The Lord Jesus Christ has not failed, and His Church and people have no right to believe that He has ever failed, His promises or word by any whom He has sent out to preach the gospel. I trust that the testimony of this book may be used of Him to remove darkness and doubt on this subject from many minds. What He has done by the few missionaries of the Church of France in the Basuto tribe, He has done in many other parts of the world.

What is the best proof of life in a Church? Is it not when that Church desires to spread the gospel outside its own land as well as in it? Is it not when men and women are willing to risk their lives to carry the gospel where it has never been preached?

If so, the French and American and other missions in South Africa have not failed. *Living churches have been planted. The Holy Ghost has shown that He has taken up His abode in power in this part of Africa !*

I began to write in behalf of the Mission of the Church of France, and with joy do I now tell how the Lord has moved the hearts of His Basuto children to offer themselves as His messengers to the tribes beyond. I had the pleasure of meeting two Basuto evangelists during my visit to that church,—Aser at Morijah, and Isaiah at Berea. The story of their labours, alone, in heathen tribes, will tell whether the Lord Jesus fails the native Christians of Africa or not. Isaiah was the first to go forth. He was the son of a great chief, and a favourite of Moshesh. He was the first convert in the Berea church, which he joined in 1843. In the year 1864 Monkopani's tribe, living about two months' journey from Basutoland, sent to the French mission, and asked them to send teachers. None of the brethren from France could be spared. M. Maitin, when addressing the church at Thaba-Bosio, asked, 'Will no Christian go for us, and tell Monkopani's people we do not forget them?' Isaiah came to M. Maitin that night, and said he would go. He took his family. Arrived at the first heathen chief's, he asked to be allowed to preach. The people came

out well. At night a young man came to him, and told him that he was a Christian. He had heard the word in Basutoland, but was afraid to confess Christ. Next day Isaiah preached again, and at the close said: '*There is a man here who has killed you. He had the knowledge of the gospel, but was afraid. Therefore he is a murderer.*' He then took out a Testament and the Psalms, and asked who wished to learn. Many offered. He asked the young man to teach and hold prayer daily, to which he consented; and *thus was founded a church of Christ in a heathen tribe!* He travelled on. Five days afterwards the young man came and asked for more books, as more people wished to learn! Isaiah then went to the chief of Monkopani's tribe, and said he was sent by the French missionaries. The chief had prepared thirty young men for Isaiah to instruct. He offered either to teach them to read the word of God, or to learn smith's work. Twenty-eight desired to learn God's word. He at once opened a school, and started a daily prayer meeting. An old woman who had a hut close by, and who had been lame for years, heard the word. To the surprise of all, she soon began to walk to the meetings. The heathen said, 'Is not the God of Isaiah the true God?' The Lord worked with Isaiah in many ways, and answered his prayers abundantly.

It is a deeply interesting story. One day an old man arrived from a neighbouring village on an ox (the usual mode of travelling in that country). He said: '*I am told that a God is spoken of here. I have come to hear about Him, because I wish to see Him.*' The old man was converted. At this time, renegades, who had been into the colony, arrived, and perverted the teaching of the gospel to the chief. Persecution began, but not before *fifty-five souls had been gathered into a church in this tribe.* On account of the war between the Basutos and Boers, the French missionaries had not been able to send help to Isaiah, who, being denied food by the chief, was obliged to go away. His converts went with him. At the place where he first preached he found a German missionary. *The young man had been kept stedfast, and a church had been formed, to which the fifty-five members from Monkopani's tribe were added!* Isaiah continued to preach the gospel among the natives in the Free State until the war was over, when he returned to Basutoland.

Surely this story of the Lord's mighty power with a solitary Basuto evangelist should strengthen the faith of His people in Europe and America. The facts have been authenticated. The German missionaries who met Isaiah testified to his faithful labour and its abundant fruit.

Yet more encouraging is the recent journey of

Aser to explore the country north of the Limpopo, with a view to preaching the gospel. He left the station of Mr. Hofmeyer, of the Dutch Reformed Church, near Zoutpansberg, in the North Transvaal, in May 1874, with other companions. Sickness and difficulties tried them, and but for Aser's faith and courage the others would have gone back. He told them that these things were from the Evil One, but that the Lord Jesus was with them, and would certainly prosper their journey. After a remarkable deliverance from death, he travelled on to the Baniai, a large tribe living in 19° S. lat. *They have a tradition, 'that one of our chiefs died, and rose from the dead. He is coming back to us, and we wait for Him. We do not know His name.'* Aser told them that it was of the Lord Jesus their fathers had heard. Three of the chiefs of the Baniai have offered, with great pleasure, to receive the gospel, and have already given places for mission-stations. They wait for preachers of Christ. Farther on there is another large tribe, which Aser could not visit, said to be the most industrious and intelligent race in Africa, the Mashona. He returned, after a long, arduous, and dangerous journey of many hundred miles, to Basutoland, and thus he spoke: *'When we began to retrace our steps, tears came into my eyes. I wished it had been possible for me to cut off my right arm and change it into a missionary, to preach the gospel in one*

place ; then to cut off my left arm, to make it a missionary in another place ; then to do the same with each of my legs and my head.'

Soon after his return, Aser visited the churches in Basutoland, beseeching them to make a strong and united effort to send the gospel to these distant tribes. His cry for help will certainly be heard. May his words to the Basuto churches echo throughout Great Britain and America, and win more sympathy and help for the native churches of Africa ! Thus he addressed them : *' Seeing that these nations are dead, do you feel no pity for them ? Will you really let them die ? Christians, shake off your sleep ; the night is past, it is now noonday. You have eaten long enough the bread of the gospel ; you are satisfied. Other nations desire that bread. Get up ; go to them. Tell them what the Lord Jesus has done for them, you who have hitherto quietly sat at His table, eating the best of His food. You to whom Jesus has forgiven all your sins ; you, the children of Jesus, who have found salvation, rise and go to those who are still without the promises of eternal life, which have been granted to you.'*

His appeal has not been in vain. His example has moved others. The Lord has worked by His Spirit among the young men preparing for preachers of the gospel, and *all but one have offered themselves to the Lord, to go wherever He calls them.* Some will

go with Aser, before the close of this year, to preach the name of Jesus to the Baniai. One church in Basutoland gave £24; others will help; but the Mission of the Church of France has not sufficient means to prosecute this work without help from other Churches. *Any help sent to me for this native mission will be gladly forwarded.* My whole heart goes with it.

The cry of the French Mission in South Africa is, '*Advance.*' The cry of the American Mission in South Africa is, '*Advance.*' Native Christians speaking Zulu are ready to go with the name of Christ wherever their American brethren may lead or send them. The Zulu Church subscribed £30 at one meeting last year to this cause. The cry of some of the missionaries and native Christians in the Kaffir churches is, '*Advance.*' *What do the Mission Boards say? What do the Lord's treasurers in the Churches of Great Britain, Europe, and America say?*

The time has come when the great duty of spreading the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ throughout the earth must be taken up in earnest by the Churches. He has manifested Himself so plainly in their midst during the last two years, that it is a sin for any professing Christian to doubt His presence with His Church and His power in the earth. What He has done in Europe and America, He can do in Asia and Africa. All that is needed is prayer and

effort. *Effort among tribes where the name of Jesus has never been preached necessitates men and means.*

As regards the men.—I do not hesitate to say that, as far as Africa is concerned, the Church may safely go back to the Lord's example in the selection of His apostles in choosing missionaries to the heathen. If men cannot be found who have had the education of Paul, there are plenty who have had the same education as John and Peter, who will do as well, *provided only they are humble men, full of love and faith.* There are elements in a college education which sadly militate against the spirit of Christ. The desire to excel, to gain a reputation, to obtain position, are all contrary to His teaching, who inculcated *love and the humility of a little child as the greatest virtues in His servants and service.* How much mischief the contrary teaching has done the Church, who can tell? I do not underrate learning or education, but I believe that every experienced missionary will support me in stating that *humility, love, and patience,* with the ignorant heathen of Africa, are more useful in preaching the gospel of Christ than any educational attainments.

As regards the means.—There is no lack in the Church of Christ. When one hears of a church in New York giving one million dollars to build a place of worship; when one hears of Christians in Great Britain building houses at enormous cost, and pos-

sessed of colossal wealth; when one sees chairs for fifty and one hundred dollars in the houses of American Christians, and curtains, pictures, and vases for fifty or one hundred pounds in the houses of British Christians,—then one knows that the Lord has put the means for spreading His gospel in the power of His Church. But His people spend His money on themselves and their own pride and self-indulgence, instead of on Him and His work throughout the earth. The responsibility rests with them. He gives them the opportunity of showing their faith and love to Him. If they fail to avail themselves of it, theirs will be the loss throughout all eternity.

How greatly Christians need *the spirit of a sound mind in regard to giving!* I believe there was deep teaching in our Lord's words to His apostles, 'The poor ye have with you always, but *me ye have not always.*' Those words have a voice to His people now. They may sell their elaborate box and give to the poor, entirely neglecting their Lord and His last desire and command, '*Preach the gospel to every creature.*' The poor should not be neglected. Neither should our Lord's parting command be forgotten and disobeyed.

That mistakes have been made by missionaries and Mission Boards in their efforts to evangelize the tribes of Africa, as in other parts of the world, can-

not be denied. The success of the French Mission in South Africa may be attributed to their having devoted *the whole strength of their mission to one tribe, before that tribe* had learnt the evils which unhappily attend the civilisation of the white man. Other Missionary Societies in South Africa, instead of devoting their energies to one tribe, and planting an efficient staff of missionaries in that tribe, have planted missions in each tribe. Thus there are now to be found in many tribes, Congregational, Wesleyan, Free and United Presbyterian, and Church of England missions, mingled together in hopeless confusion, and the work of the Lord is seriously hindered.

I only notice this, so that, in the occupation of the interior of Africa—which I trust will soon take place—some arrangement may be made between these various Mission Societies which shall prevent a repetition of such mischief. The country is large enough for all, and there need be no interference with another's labours. The more widely apart each Society works, the sooner will the gospel of Christ be preached, and the more easily and quickly will it spread.

It has been my privilege to talk and to pray with M. Mabile of the French Mission, Mr. Tyler of the American Mission, and other missionaries labouring in Africa, who are deeply interested in the great

question of the evangelization of the interior of this land. I never believe that prayers such as ours in faith are offered in vain. It may interest the reader to hear what were our conversations and our hopes as to the sending forth of the gospel to the regions inland.

To the London Missionary Society, which is bearing the name of Christ onward through Moselekatsi's tribe, and penetrated as far as lat. 16° S., long. 24° E. in 1860, be the post of honour given. How I love this Society, and the faithful men it has sent forth into the mission-field throughout the world! One band of its missionaries sealed their faith with their lives in Central South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Helmore and Mrs. Price died for Jesus at Linyanti in 1860. Sekeletu, the chief, tempted by Mahuse, a heathen who was allowed to accompany the party, plundered Mr. Price, the only survivor. *Four years after this, Sekeletu, having been stricken with leprosy, died, and his whole tribe was treacherously destroyed by their neighbours!* The fear of the Lord has come upon the natives, and they say: 'Let the missionaries alone. *The Makololo injured the missionaries. Where are the Makololo?*'

May the Lord prosper this Society in its work here and elsewhere! It has now formed a new line of stations towards the Zambesi, as far as 15° S. lat., through Moselekatsi's tribe. Five men are coming

out to join this mission. May the London Missionary Society continue to extend its good work in *Central Southern Africa* !

In Eastern Southern Africa, the Berlin, Norwegian, the Church Missionary, Hermamisberg Societies, and the Dutch Reformed Church, and the Churches of France and of the Canton de Vaud are advancing by various lines, in what soldiers would call very irregular echelon. The Berlin is on the flank of the London Missionary Society, and has gone up as far as lat. 23° . This Society has fifty-one missionaries in the field. The Lord blessed its labours very largely some years ago in Likukum's tribe. Persecution then commenced. Many Christians were nearly beaten to death. Few denied the faith. Those who escaped have formed a large and flourishing Christian settlement. The work goes on. The Church Missionary Society is on the flank of the Berlin Mission, as far as lat. 26° , nearer the sea. *The rest of the East coast, up to Zanzibar, from 26° to 6° lat., is an open field. Part of this field the American Mission in Natal proposes to enter.* The tribes up the East coast, as far as Sofala, in lat. 20° , speak Zulu, Swasi, and Tongu. The American missionaries have already proposed this mission, and have learned that, whether by land or sea, the country can be entered. A very brotherly letter has been received by them from Mr. Thompson, the missionary

of the London Society in Moselekatsi's tribe, saying that the chief of the tribe they purpose to visit is willing to receive missionaries, and that he will do all he can to help them. Should the American Mission take up this work, it would be necessary to form a depot at Zoutpansberg, in the north of the Transvaal. The opening of this mission was considered at Umsunduzi in June 1874, and Mr. Pinkerton offered to go. The gospel of Christ has never been preached there.

The Mission of the Church of France, as has been above noted, has a native mission going up into the interior as far as 19° S. lat., at some distance from other missions. They hope to send on European missionaries to strengthen this mission.

The Free Church of Scotland has organized a mission, at the appeal of my friend Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, to plant the name and faith of Christ on the west of Lake Nyassa, in lat. 13° , long. 33° . They purpose to call the name of this Christian colony Livingstonia, in remembrance of David Livingstone.

The little Church of the Canton de Vaud has sent out two labourers to this vast field. They have now entered a large tribe of some 150,000 souls, to preach the name of Jesus. Pray for the brethren Creux and Berthoud.

The United Methodist and Church Missionary Societies have planted missions at Ribe and Mombas,

in lat. 4° and 6° . While I write, I mourn the loss of New, for twelve years a faithful labourer in East Africa. He is gone to his reward. The Church can only be silent, and pray that a double portion of the Spirit of the Lord which was upon him may be given to many successors in that field.

There is a mission of the Universities at Zanzibar, to which I was one of the first subscribers. But it is, as I have heard, a ritualist establishment. Knowing what harm ritualistic teaching has done in Africa, I do not reckon it among the Missions of the Church of Christ, especially as I have not heard that it has entered the mainland.

In Western Southern Africa, the Rhenish Missionary Society is carrying the gospel up to the equator. May it be abundantly blessed, and send out rivers of living water towards the interior!

Such are the present prospects of the great work of spreading the gospel in Africa south of the equator. On paper it reads as if much had already been done. And so, indeed, much has been done,—very much, considering the feeble human instrumentality and the mighty impediments. But look at the map; touch with a pencil all these points, and it will be seen *what vast fields must be entered* by the soldiers of Christ. He has said that faith as a grain of mustard seed shall move mountains. May He bestow that faith on His Churches in Great Britain,

Europe, and America, that, believing in Him, they may give men and means for bearing on His name into Central Africa, from the north, south, east, and west.

There is one lesson which the Church of Christ has failed to draw from the many years' labours of Livingstone, and the frequent brief termination of so many zealous labourers' work in the trying climates of Eastern and Western Africa. This is the wisdom of sending men already acclimatized, and acquainted with the African character and habits, to labour for Christ in those fields. It must not be supposed, because the Ashantee and Abyssinian expeditions were so marvellously preserved from sickness, that those climates are not most trying to the European constitution; and very few Europeans can stand the heat and necessary exposure. The troops only visited those countries for a few months in the healthy season. They had constant healthy excitement. The missionary must endure far greater hardships than the soldier, and must remain exposed to all the changes of climate, should the Lord so will, for many years.

If the time has come that the Church of Christ should spread the knowledge of His name in Central Africa, and if that climate is one in which the European cannot well bear too severe labour, *it must be plainly the Lord's will that the Christians of Africa,*

those of that country who have been brought from heathenism into the kingdom of God, should bear the brunt of this work. Yes; the time has come when the missionary work of Africa must be undertaken by the native churches. No missionary expedition should be sent into the interior without a sufficient band of chosen and tried native Christians. The churches in South Africa should be prepared to send their best men. Any church in Africa which would not send a man should be considered a failure, and the missionary of such a church might count that his labour had been vain. But from the narratives of Isaiah and Aser, it will be seen that there are native Christians willing to go in the name of the Lord. I know others; and I doubt not, that if the honour and duty of this great work were put properly before the native churches, there would be no lack of faithful men to help in the evangelization of Central Africa. Frequently during my journeys did I tell the native churches that this work was their duty, and that they must be prepared to leave country and friends, as we had done, and carry the name of Jesus to the tribes beyond.

Who is going to take up the honour of planting the banner of the Lord to the west of Lake Tanganyika? This is, I believe, the spot named by Livingstone as the best mission centre in Central Africa. There are, I believe, missionaries in Southern Africa

ready to go if the way is opened up before them. I had hoped and prayed that, if it were the Lord's will, the American Church would take up this great work, and I looked upon Natal, and their mission there, as a providential arrangement to this end. I do not abandon this hope, even now that I know the thoughts of my American brethren in regard to Sofala. The Lord give to His Church of America a right judgment in all things! They can do both. If not, I believe that of the two, with Natal as a depot and a training station for missionaries, they could carry out the mission to Lake Tanganyika as soon as a base of operations on the seaboard had been established and communication opened, almost as easily as to Sofala *via* Zoutpansberg. But on this point my knowledge is worth nothing.

Should the Church of America not wish to take up this mission, may it please the Lord, by whomsoever He will, to form *an Inland African Mission*, supported by His Church at large, and supplied with men, Europeans and natives, from the churches of Southern Africa, or any other churches, whose previous training in the mission-field would render them fit at once to enter on that work. I believe that such a mission would never want good men, and that it would be abundantly blessed of the Lord. It would need to be superintended by a man who had the confidence of the churches of

Africa, and who would be able to visit them and obtain native labourers for that field. The expense of such a mission would be very great at the first outset; but if the Lord delighted in it, He would provide the money as well as find the men.

My present engagement in the opening of the little mission the Lord has given me to the Galeka tribe, prevents my offering to take an active part in that great work. Should it be His will to permit my return to England, I must fulfil the desire of years—only laid aside for this work in Africa—to visit the churches of France, the Church of my fathers, and to see once more my beloved friends in America. This done, if health and strength remain, and the Lord calls me, I am as willing to go out to Lake Tanganyika and name the blessed name of Jesus there, as I am that others should go before me, if the Lord grants them so great privilege and honour. I know whom I believe, and that He will do, as He ever hath done, all things well. *He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.*

And now, before I close this book, I must answer a question which might be raised as to what have been the results of my visit to these native churches. Thank God, I can answer it. My journey was attended with much blessing. I will quote letters which I have received from Basutoland and elsewhere, because they prove that such visits to the

scattered missions of the Church of Christ are sources of blessing, and should be made by Christians for the purpose of cheering and refreshing the Lord's faithful servants, living for His sake in foreign lands, and very often in isolated positions, surrounded by heathen.

One dear brother writes from Basutoland: 'The effects of your *short* stay in the churches of Basutoland have been such, thanks to your Master the Lord Jesus, that I would urge on you the duty of travelling throughout South Africa. I am praying that the Lord may direct you by His good Spirit. Mr. Somerville is gone to India to do this work, but it is not likely that any one will think of coming to South Africa for the same purpose.'

Another brother in Basutoland wrote: 'You will know hereafter, and then have greater joy and praise, that *the Lord sent you to us*. I feel our faith is increased, and we will have more trust in the Lord and in the word of His promise.'

Thus wrote my dear elder brother, James Allison, now in glory, from Impolweni, in Natal:—

'It is cheering to those missionaries who are deprived by their position from enjoying the *intelligent* communion of saints, to find that the outer Christian world does not entirely overlook them. Even Paul was refreshed in spirit and comforted by the coming of Titus. Such has been the result of

your visit to Natal. By you it has pleased the Lord to comfort and quicken the hearts of many of His dear children. His presence was indeed with you. To Him be all the praise and glory! Since you left, I have been reading a very precious book, entitled, *A Report of the General Missionary Conference at Allahabad in 1872-73*, in which is stated the great and blessed results of visitations, such as we have had from you. This has led the American Methodist Episcopal Mission to set apart a missionary for carrying out a system of periodical visitation.'

I trust that other Churches will follow that example, so long as they choose men of love and prayer, for those are the best qualifications for such work. Love and prayer lead to daily study of God's word, and blessing comes.

It is not these letters which give me cause to praise the Lord, so much as the remembrance of the happy, loving smiles, and often tears, which I saw on the faces of these isolated and wearied brethren, to whom it was my privilege to minister as much as I could of the love of our blessed Lord and the comforts of His holy word. Him I praise, for He specially prepared me for this work by bringing me, when in London, under the holy teaching of an aged captain of the navy, whose delight it was to say to me concerning the word of God, 'Dear brother, I

have studied no book but this for fifty years.' The teaching I received from him was especially blessed to my own soul, and has given, by the power of the Holy Ghost, renewed life and joy to many, many souls in Africa. Thus the Lord works. Praise His name !

From the native Christians everywhere I received the most precious acknowledgment of blessing received by my visit. When I left Morija, all the young men of the seminary, who are preparing for teachers of schools, wrote to me, thanking me for my instruction in God's word. I spent some time every evening with them over the life and example of Daniel. The last evening I specially dwelt on the promise, '*They that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever,*' urging them to choose *now* the service of the Lord Jesus, and the preaching of His gospel, at whatever cost.

I have selected the letter of the faithful Aser, who is improving his education there, until the time comes for him to go on, in the Lord's name, to the Baniai. It is very characteristic. It is expressed as an African Christian speaks. It also contains a salutation to the Christians of my 'village,' London :

'DEARLY LOVED MISSIONARY,—I am rejoiced on your account. I am rejoiced at the help you have given us. You have well exhorted us by the word of God which has gone forth out of your mouth.

That word has nourished our souls. This is our prayer: That God will accompany you wherever you go; that by the word which He will give you He may grant you many children, who will praise Jesus at home [heaven]. Again, that by your journey He will cause men to come out and live for Jesus. When you arrive in the midst of the flock that you are keeping for Jesus, think always of this school. Pray for it, that it may live for Jesus. Walk always with God. Salute for us all the churches that you will visit. Salute for us the people of your "village."

'Fare thee well.—I am,

ASER.'

I am rejoiced indeed on his account for the exceeding grace given to him. I am rejoiced that since my visit, as I have above noted, every young man but one in that seminary has offered himself to the Lord for mission service. I am rejoiced that a blessing has come on this church, and that since my visit many souls have been gathered in from the heathen. Amongst those converted was a woman, who said she was led to believe while I was explaining to the people the meaning of the word '*gospel*,'—'*the good news of full, free, instant, and eternal forgiveness of sins, and salvation through the blood of the Lord Jesus.*' I only mention this because some preachers urge people to believe the

gospel who do not know what the blessed word means !

Those who have read my experience of God's love while serving in the British army, will see in these blessings an answer to the three months of earnest prayer that the Lord would use me to further His kingdom in Africa, before I resigned my commission to be a preacher of His word and gospel. I hope and expect a yet fuller answer to those prayers. It is my joy to praise the Lord for answered prayer ; and I will therefore follow up my testimony to His faithfulness to me as a soldier, by recording answers which He gave me to prayers for my men three years after I left the service ! I note these things specially for the encouragement of Christian officers of our army and navy who are seeking in prayer and love the good of their men. To them I say : ' Be ye stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord ; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' I endeavoured to visit the two wings of my old regiment before it left Africa for England. One was quartered at King William's Town, the other at Pieter-Maritzberg—distant from each other 400 miles. I have described the ride. The Natal wing embarked just as I reached the capital. From both wings the Lord has given me abundant testimonies to answered prayers, *and especially to His blessing on individual,*

personal conversation with soldiers concerning Himself. 'Tell Major Malan that I am very sorry I ever should have refused to hear the gospel from him.' 'Tell Major Malan I am very sorry for all the trouble I gave him.' How greatly the Lord blessed my example of total abstinence, and my prayers for my drinking men! I met one of the greatest drunkards in this regiment, whom I had often sent to cells, with a smile on his face, and £20 in bank, and he hailed me as an old friend! But perhaps the most remarkable answer to my prayers for my old comrades was the following letter, addressed to me by several of them as a parting message of love before they embarked for England:—'*We all bear you in kindly remembrance, and, now that we are sober men, can fully understand all your goodness to all your fellow-soldiers; and for your great and many kindnesses to us, we sincerely thank you. And that God will bless you in your glorious labour, that you may be spared to visit us and your native land once more, is the prayer of your obliged servants and fellow-soldiers.*' I accept this testimony from the Lord as His seal to my humble efforts to serve Him in my old regiment. It comforts me for many a bitter trial, and fills my soul with praise.

The outlying piquets of the King's army throughout the earth are waiting for reinforcements and support before advancing into the enemy's country.

We do not look to the generals and captains of the camps in Europe and America, but we look to our King, according to His command, and pray Him to stir them up. We also pray that He will make the keepers of His exchequer liberal in their grants, for the expenses of the war are heavy. We have many native brethren who are willing enough to come to the front, but we need clothing and rations for them. Our King will supply arms and ammunition out of His royal armoury and magazines. We don't complain of you to Him, but we rather fear that some of you will be ashamed before Him at His coming. He has given you the use of treasure for us, and you won't send us enough. What will you say to Him by and by? Your camps are full of men, while our ranks are thinning fast. Why don't you send support?

Do not imagine that we are troubled beyond measure on your account. Not at all. Our King takes care of that. His word cheers us. His joy strengthens us. His power keeps us. His promises support us. We shout out to each other, now and again, as we pass in the fight, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice.'

Here is a letter from the front. Read it. It does not sound much like retreat. It is from S. Hofmeyer, living alone with his wife among the heathen in the north of the Transvaal. He refers

to Aser's journey. Mr. Hofmeyer's friends wish him to go back to 'civilised life!' but he prefers to remain in the outposts of the King's army:—

'I was very happy indeed when Aser returned with Simon from the Baniai, though not astonished! As a God-fearing sister once remarked, "*It is just like Him.*" As yet the world will say, "What did you get for your trouble?" But *we can in faith rejoice whenever we see the footprints of the King of kings, for with Him, to fight and to overcome is just one.* It is He who can of a truth say: *Veni, vidi, vici.* I like the Lord acting as He does. He just sends a couple of natives (heathen not long ago), and through them gets—what the great kings of the earth cannot effect by firearms—the *consent* of mighty heathens to come and attack their deities in their own atmosphere! Oh, how the Dark One gnashes his teeth! Oh, how I love to tell the heathen that we are going to conquer the whole world without guns! We are sent by the King of kings. Already we have done much more than firearms, but *we are not going into winter quarters yet!*

'Oh, may we all, all, and *every missionary* in the field (the whole earth) *be a spiritual warrior, and feel himself a part of the whole army. How soon would we bring the heathen to the feet of Emmanuel!*—Yours, and with you in Christ,

'STEPHANUS HOFMEYER.'

This letter was written to my brother Mabile, who read it to me. I felt that it was a voice to the whole mission-field, and I claimed it as public property, in the name of the King. May it cheer many a servant of the Lord, and strengthen their faith.

And now, before closing this book, I must note how, as an exceeding and abundant answer to my prayers as a soldier, the Lord has given me the honour of opening this new mission in the Galeka tribe. My brethren and their wives are with me. We hope to establish two preaching centres,—one at a spot which Kreli, their chief, selected and gave to me, where the grounds of four principal chiefs meet. It is therefore very central. The other station is amid the wild population of the Bashee valley. I have called the first, where I hope Mr. Noble and his wife will labour, *Uxolo*, which is the Kaffir for *peace*; and the second, where I trust Mr. and Mrs. Clarke will labour, *Utando*, or *love*. They are within four miles of each other. The brethren will therefore be able to labour together. At the same time there will be two centres of Christian influence instead of one. I hope to enjoy and share their opening labours at each station. The Lord has wonderfully guided us. He has answered our prayers in a very marked way, and provided for my brethren and their wives on their arrival in this country, so as to give us abundant cause for praise.

My prayer in regard to this little opening is, that '*the little one may become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation,*' and that '*the Lord will hasten it in His time.*' There is a perfectly wild tribe, called the Bomvanas, on the other side of the Bashee, who have no missionary; and I hope to be able to send the name of Jesus to them. We live in days in which the Lord is working mightily, and brings great things out of small. I hope that ere long an African Inland Mission may be developed from some of the centres in this country.

The positive indwelling of God, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of life and truth and love, in each individual Christian, as the promise of the Father and the gift of the Lord Jesus, is a solemn, blessed, and glorious reality, very usually forgotten by many when they think and speak on the question of foreign missions. Men who are eloquent about it in regard to home missions, are too often silent when the great duty and necessity of preaching the gospel to the heathen of Asia, Africa, and South America is brought forward. This virtual denial of the power of the Holy Ghost working with the missionaries of the Church, directing their way, and opening the hearts of men and women to receive the word as much as in the times of the apostles, is a spiritual paralysis in the Church, of which it needs healing by the

water of the word. *Granted that the Lord Jesus lives, that the Holy Ghost works now as ever according to the faith and prayer of the Church, what then is the reason why the Church withholds its men and treasure from the sending forth of the gospel?* Why does it squander both,—the one on extravagant buildings for the worship of Christ, while the heathen are perishing, and His commands neglected; the other in doing much of the work of the Church which the elder and more experienced members, though unordained, would do much better?

And now, silence! It is time for *prayer*. ‘*The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.*’ *The whole power of the Church of Christ lies in prayer.* The promises of God are *unlimited* to believing prayer. ‘*All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*’ How thankful I am that Livingstone was found on his knees! Does it not tell us whence came the power for his self-denial, his courage, his endurance? Oh the mighty power of prayer! How it opens the doors of the heart! how it quickens the energies of the soul! how it revives hope! how it strengthens faith! Only let Christians pray earnestly for the spread of the Lord’s kingdom throughout the earth, they will find their purse-strings loosed. The Lord will honour them to answer their own prayer. Only let them pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth labourers

into the harvest, in sincerity and truth ; they will soon find themselves employed in various ways in His service. Has the Church given sufficient value to our Lord's example in prayer ? His nights and His early mornings of prayer, have they no voice for the Church in these days ?

Our greatest delight, relaxation, and joy ought to be a season of prayer ! By it we share in spirit all the labours and joys and sweet communions of our brethren and friends at home and abroad. Almost daily I leave my own cares, and go to England and throughout the world in spirit,—the Mildmay Mission ; the Home of Industry ; the institutions of Barnardo and Guinness ; the work of Holland and Varley ; the blessed labours of Moody and Sankey ; the Blackdown Hills in Somerset ; the rocks of Ferryden and Usan near Montrose ; the works of the Lord in these places and many others throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Isles ; all my dear brethren and sisters labouring for the Lord Jesus,—Blackwood, Radstock, Spiers, Moreton, Kirkham, Morgan, Scott, Shaftesbury, Polwarth, Marcus Rainsford, Haslam, Chalmers, Marsh, Hunter, Quarrier, M'All, de Broen, de Lille, Fisch, Babut, Levat, Monod, Claxton, Dodge, M'Birney, Thane Miller, Atterbury, Whately, Price, Robb, Hudson Taylor, Judd, Moule, Valentine, Douglas and others in China, Cook, Macdonald and others at Singapore,

and very many elsewhere. Oh, what a sweet, sweet privilege is prayer!

‘Though sundered far, by faith we meet!’

How the Lord repays prayer by prayer! I have often prayed by name for those I had never seen, but of whom I have heard that they were labouring for the Lord. Now I am constantly hearing of friends in many lands who have never seen me, but who have begun to pray for me. Does not this prove that man is a spiritual being, and not—as Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall teach—a beast?

The first thing that the Lord laid on my heart on coming back to Africa, was the necessity of striving to rouse the Church in South Africa to union in prayer. *Fervent, believing, desiring prayer is the true sign of life, and the earnest of coming blessing wherever it exists.* It is the only union possible in a scattered colony, with no means of communication between Christians. All who joined in it have received blessing. The spirit of prayer is certainly spreading. I thank God, who has manifested His blessing where real prayer has been made. I ask Christians who enjoy the delights of Christian communion in England to remember the Church in South Africa—to entreat the Lord to pour out upon it the spirit of grace and supplication, and especially to bless the missions noted in this book.

What need there is for all of us, in regard to

prayer, *'to watch thereunto, with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.'*

My task is accomplished. I send forth this testimony to the Churches, believing and praying that the Lord will bless it to the furtherance of His cause and kingdom on earth.

Very earnestly do I request their prayers for myself, and for the mission to the Galeka tribe which the Lord has committed to my care ; that He will fill my brethren, their wives, and all our native fellow-labourers with the Holy Ghost, and that by the light of His word and Spirit He will scatter the powers of witchcraft and all darkness in this land ; that He will bring Kreli and thousands of his people to His feet. My prayer for myself is, that the Lord will use me more and more to spread the knowledge of His name throughout the earth.

This I pray : *'Show me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of those that observe me.'*
'Do Thou for me, O God the Lord, for Thy name's sake.'

For my brethren and the Churches throughout the whole earth I pray : *'Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us ; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.'*

Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Sixth Edition, Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE

OF

GOD'S LOVE AND OF HIS FAITHFULNESS
TO HIS WORD.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

I.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

THE STORY OF THE IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS CONTINUED TO THE YEAR 1869. Dedicated to the younger Clergy of the Church of Ireland.

II.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth,

THE GOSPEL IN SANTHALISTAN. By an old Indian. With Preface by the Rev. H. BONAR, D.D. With Map and Illustrations.

III.

Crown 8vo, 1s. cloth limp,

FOUND ON THE DARK MOUNTAINS. By the Author of 'Light in the Clouds,' etc.

IV.

Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

TWELVE MONTHS IN MADAGASCAR. By the Rev. J. MULLENS, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society. With Map and Illustrations.

V.

Post 8vo, 6s. cloth,

FOUR YEARS IN ASHANTEE. By the Missionaries RAMSEYER and KÜHNE.

VI.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

THE SAINTLY CALLING. By the Rev. C. D. BELL, M.A., Rector of Cheltenham, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle, Author of 'Hills that bring Peace.'

VII.

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. cloth,

THE GOLDEN CHAIN. By the Author of 'Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars,' 'Crossing the River,' etc.

VIII.

Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

NURSES FOR THE NEEDY; or, The Bible-women Nurses in the Homes of the London Poor. By L. N. R., Author of 'The Missing Link.'

IX.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

CLEFTS OF THE ROCK; or, THE BELIEVER'S GROUNDS OF CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of 'The Gates of Prayer,' etc.

X.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth,

SEED-TIME IN KASHMIR: A Memoir of WILLIAM J. ELMSLIE, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., etc., late Medical Missionary of the C. M. S. in Kashmir. By his WIDOW and Dr. W. BURNS THOMSON, Medical Missionary.

XI.

Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. A Series of Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles. By the late Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT, Author of 'This Present World,' etc.

XII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

THE GOSPEL AND ITS FRUITS. A Book for the Young. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, Edinburgh, Author of 'Our Father in Heaven,' etc.

XIII.

Post 8vo, 5s. cloth,

SOLDIERS AND SERVANTS OF CHRIST; or, CHAPTERS FROM CHURCH HISTORY. With Preface by the Rev. F. V. MATHER, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Clifton, and Canon of Bristol.

XIV.

32mo, 1s. 6d. cloth,

THE MINISTRY OF SONG. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, Author of 'Bruey,' etc.

XV.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

MEMOIR OF THE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT, late Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Bengal. Compiled by his WIDOW from his Journals and his Letters. With a Preface by the late Rev. H. VENN, M.A.

XVI.

8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE LATE A. R. C. DALLAS, M.A., RECTOR OF WONSTON. By his WIDOW. With Portrait.

XVII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

SCRIPTURE ITSELF THE ILLUSTRATOR. By the Rev. G. S. BOWES, B.A.

XVIII.

Post 8vo, 6s. cloth,

THE STORY OF THE LIFU MISSION. By the Rev. S. MACFARLANE, Missionary of the London Missionary Society.

XIX.

New Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

THE CULTURE OF PLEASURE; or, THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE IN ITS SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS. By the Author of 'The Mirage of Life,' etc.

XX.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

A MEMOIR OF RICHARD WILLIAMS, SURGEON, CATECHIST IN THE MISSION TO PATAGONIA. By the late Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

XXI.

Crown 8vo, each 5s. cloth,

LIGHT AND TRUTH: BIBLE THOUGHTS AND THEMES. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Vol. 1. THE OLD TESTAMENT; Vol. 2. THE GOSPELS; Vol. 3. THE ACTS AND LARGER EPISTLES; Vol. 4. THE LESSER EPISTLES; Vol. 5. THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN.

XXII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

LETTERS OF RUTH BRYAN. By the Author of 'Handfuls of Purpose.' With Preface by the Rev. A. MOODY STUART, M.A.

XXIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

VOICES FROM THE VALLEY TESTIFYING OF JESUS. By the Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A., Author of 'Truth in Christ.'

XXIV.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

A MISSIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOL. Being the Life of Dr. JUDSON, Missionary to Burmah. Revised and Edited by the Rev. H. BONAR, D.D.

XXV.

Post 8vo, 6s. 6d. cloth,

MEMORIES OF PATMOS; or, SOME OF THE GREAT WORDS AND VISIONS OF THE APOCALYPSE. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

XXVI.

Post 8vo, each 7s. 6d. cloth,

THE WORKS OF THE LATE JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S.
Complete in Six Volumes.

XXVII.

Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth limp, 2s. 6d. cloth boards; Cheap Edition, 16mo,
1s. limp cloth,

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE. A Second Series of Addresses by STEVENSON A. BLACKWOOD, Author of 'The Triumph of Faith.'

XXVIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER. BY JOHN RICHARDSON PHILLIPS, formerly Country Association Agent of the London City Mission.

XXIX.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

CHRIST CRUCIFIED. Lectures on 1 Corinthians ii. By the Rev. A. SAPHIR, B.A.

XXX.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth, with Portrait; Cheap and Abridged Edition,
16mo, 1s. cloth limp,

MEMORIALS OF JAMES HENDERSON, F.R.C.S.E., MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

XXXI.

Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth; Cheap Edition, 3s. 6d. cloth,

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, M.A., MISSIONARY TO CHINA. By the late Professor ISLAY BURNS, D.D., Glasgow. With Portrait.

XXXII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

BRUEY: A LITTLE WORKER FOR CHRIST. By FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, Author of 'Under the Surface,' etc.

140

1.40

*

Date Due

FE 23 51

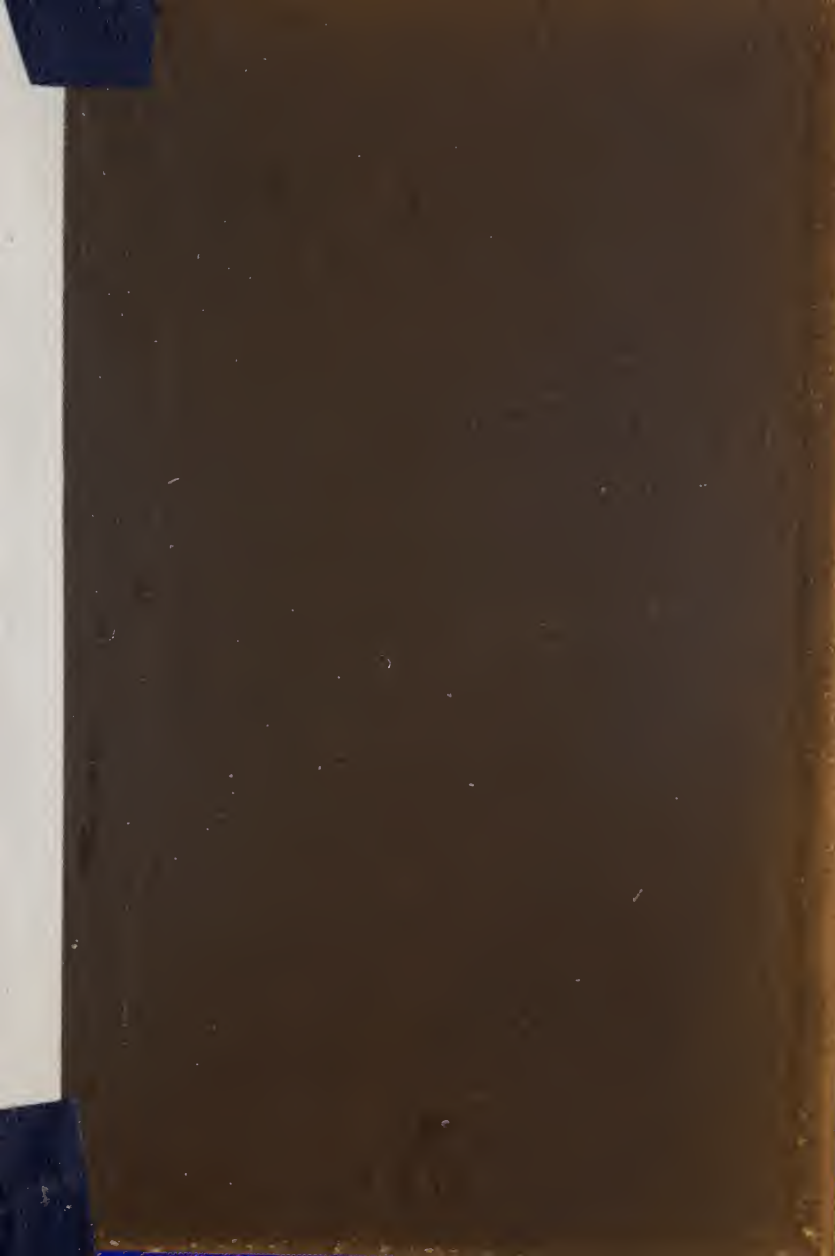
~~JUN 15 1977~~

~~NOV 23 1988~~

~~JUN 30 2004~~

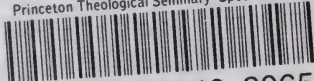
JUN 30 2009





BW9455 .M23
South African missions ...

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00040 3065